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THE CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE; OR, LEAVES FROM A TROUBLED LIFE.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE fortune continued to smile on me. Although slippery enough in regard to religion, I was both steady and assiduous in the discharge of my duty to my employers. The consequence was that I enjoyed their fullest confidence, and had my wages raised considerably at the expiration of the first year. Far different were the fortunes of poor Patt Byrne. A short time after my rupture with O'Sullivan I received a message from Patt requesting me to go to see him as he had got a hurt some weeks before that confined him to his bed ever since.

I started on hearing this, and a burning blush suffused my cheek. I had for the last six months entirely lost sight of the Byrnes, whom I looked upon as no desirable acquaintances, inasmuch as they were too old-fashioned in their tastes and habits for my greatly-refined ideas. Patt was a laborer, too, and so was his son Tommy, and as I had got at least two steps higher than that, it was wholly impossible, in fact a thing not to be expected, that I should continue on the same terms with them. This conclusion was forced on me by what I considered a very untoward circumstance. I was one day going along Summer street, on some business for my employers, dressed in a very stylish "business-suit" of fine gray summer cloth, and thought I was looking remarkably well, whereat I was mightily pleased, for who should I meet on turning a corner but the charming Miss Pringle, a very stylish young lady, whose acquaintance I had lately made at a public ball. Now Miss Pringle had the honor of being forewoman to a French milliner in Washington street, and it was commonly believed that her old father who had lived and died somewhere "away down East" had left her some hundreds of dollars. This, of course, gave additional attractions to a face and figure that were sufficiently attractive of themselves. I was particularly pleased, then, to meet Miss Pringle just when I was conscious of being well dressed, and indeed Miss Pringle seemed just as glad to meet me, I suppose for the same reason, for she, too, was sporting her first crapes, and had the consoling testimony of her mirror at home that she looked not only lovely, but divine in her exceedingly deep mourning. In my delight at seeing so welcome a sight that fine summer morning I had paid little attention to the fact that some men were working in a trench close by the sidewalk, where some repairs were being made in the water-pipes. Who, then, can conceive my mortification and embarrassment when, just as the young lady and myself had exchanged what we both thought a very polite salutation, a rough voice from the neighboring trench called out my name, with a "bad-manners to you, Simy! is that you?"

I hardly knew which end of me was uppermost, so great was my confusion. The voice was that of Patt Byrne, and I must confess I could freely have performed that operation on his tongue which is said to give magpies the power of speech.

Without answering Patt's impudent inquiry as to my identity, I stole a look at Miss Pringle, who, in her turn, cast a penetrating glance at me.

"Good gracious, Mr. Kerrigan! are *you* Irish?" she asked, in a low voice, not so low, however, but Patt Byrne heard her.

"Is he Irish?" said he, popping his head up from the excavation. "'Deed, it's himself that is, and a dacent father and mother's child he is too. It's myself that knows that well, for I seen him when he was little worth. When did you hear from the ould woman, Simy?"

Muttering some indistinct reply, I nodded to Miss Pringle and walked on, annoyed by the contemptuous smile on her pretty face.

"Who'd have thought it!" she softly whispered, as I passed her by.

"Why, then, what in the world's got into that boy?" said Patt Byrne to his companion in the work of excavation, as he dived again under ground. Neither observation was lost on me, and I felt humbled I could hardly tell why. The truth was, I had lost the good opinion of the fair Miss Pringle, who, I well knew, could never get over my being on such intimate terms with an Irish laborer, who certainly looked anything but "respectable" in his clay-soiled working clothes; as for Patt, I was probably done with his friendship, too, but of course that was of infinitely less importance.

I made several attempts to regain my place in Miss Pringle's favor, but all in vain, she ever after treated me with cool contempt as a person whom she did not, or could not, recognize. The idea of ever again associating on equal terms with Patt Byrne and his family was too absurd to be entertained for a moment, and hence it was that I had cut the connection *in toto*.

Still, when I heard of Patt's misfortune, I reproached myself for having so long kept aloof from him and his, especially when I thought of the happy escape I had had from pretty Fan Pringle, who, a short time after my unlucky meeting with her on the street, had given her fair hand to a certain young master-tailor who, on his part, got wofully bitten, for instead of receiving four or five hundred dollars with his "bonny bride," he had to pay a round hundred which she owed to the French milliner before mentioned.

It was with a feeling bordering on shame that I ascended the stairs to Patt Byrne's rooms, and my heart sank within me when I saw the condition to which the family were reduced in so short a time. Patt was sitting on a low chair with his right leg bandaged up and stretched on a stool before him. His face was ghastly pale and his eyes sunk far into their sockets. So great indeed was the change in his appearance that anywhere else I might have passed him by without knowing him. His wife, too, had lost the freshness of color which was hers by nature, and the Irish rose bloomed no longer on the chubby faces of the children. In short they all seemed drooping and woe-begone, even the little rugged terrier, that had been so brisk and watchful, now hung his head as it were in hopeless melancholy, nor noticed my entrance except by a listless stare. I glanced my eyes around as I crossed the threshold, the family were all there except Tommy, whom I naturally concluded was at his work, and I mentally exclaimed "it's well they have him to earn for them."

My entrance was the signal for a burst of weeping from Nancy Byrne, and Patt himself, as he reached his hand to me, could hardly keep in his tears. I endeavored to console them as well as I could, and then asked how all this happened without my hearing a word of it.

"Ay! you may well ask that, Simy!" said Patt Byrne reproachfully; "we might be *all* dead it seems without your knowin' or carin'. God knows, then, if a less thing ailed you, it's in sore trouble we'd be about you, all of us."

I felt the truth of this, and, for a moment, could frame no answer. At last I ventured on some words of consolation. I had ascertained that Patt had broken his leg by a fall, and I muttered something about the trials that some people had to undergo in this world. "But after all," said I, "sure there's nothing bad but it might be worse. Things are bad enough with you now, it's true, but how would it be if you hadn't Tommy earning for you—then you might cry in earnest!"

This brought a torrent of tears from Nancy, and even Patt's eyes ran over, as he fixed them on me. "Ah! then, Simon Kerrigan!" said he in a voice that was hardly audible, "is that all you know about it!"

"About what?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Why, about our heavy sorrow—an' och, och! but that's what it is!"

"If it's the broken leg you mean, I know all about that, sure you told me yourself since I came in!"

"Oh *wirre!*" said poor Patt, "if it was only that, I wouldn't regard it a pinch o' snuff, God sees I wouldn't."

"Well! and what is it?" I asked impatiently.

"We lost poor Tommy, Simy,—" Patt's voice failed him, and he covered his face with his his hands, while a chorus of wailing arose from the mother and children. The blow unmanned myself, for I was altogether unprepared for such dismal tidings, and besides I really felt heart-sorry for the poor lad, who was a fine, athletic, promising young fellow, with all his father's good nature, and with no small share of drollery in his composition. I knew not what to say, even after I recovered the use of my speech, and I can hardly tell what I did or what I said. I did not dare to ask questions every one of which would have been a stab for each heart-wrung parent, and I felt that consolation was beyond my power to give. As well as I can remember I took Patt's hand in silence and squeezed it very hard, and then going over to Nancy I did the same to her, while the tears that streamed down my cheeks evinced the sincerity of my sympathy.

After a little, when grief had exhausted itself in tears, the husband and wife dried their eyes, and appeared comparatively calm.

"God bless you, Simy!" said Patt with touching fervor, "may you never have to bear such a load of sorrow as that poor woman and myself have on our hearts this day. Yis, Simy! we have lost the best son ever poor people had, a boy that wouldn't take a shillin' out of his week's wages 'till he'd bring it home an' put it in his mother's hand, an' if she'd give him back a quarter or so, he'd be as thankful, my poor boy! as if it wasn't his own hard earnin'."

"True for you, Patt dear, true for you—oh! Lord look on us this sorrowful day!" This touching exclamation from the bereaved mother went to my very heart—it spoke such a world of unutterable woe.

It was some time before I discovered how poor Tommy met his death. He had taken a heavy cold which settled on his lungs, and finally turned to inflammation, which carried him off in a few days. He had been taken to the hospital for medical assistance, and there he died. About six weeks after his father fell from a ladder and broke his leg, and the long illness which followed had exhausted the little hoard so carefully preserved as the beginning of a fortune.

"So here we are, you see," said poor Byrne in conclusion, with an attempt at cheerfulness that made my heart ache; "here we are, Simy, as poor, ay! and poorer than when we landed—we were layin' out great things for ourselves, God help us! the very last time you were here, but see how different things have turned out!—well! I suppose we must be content, whatever comes—only it was God's will it wouldn't come across us, that's all the comfort we have, sure."

"But how in the world do you make out to live, Patt?"

"Well! myself could hardly tell you that—there's none of these childer able to do much for us yet, though they're willin' enough, poor things! if they had the ability——"

"You're forgettin' *me*, father!" said the second son, Johnny, a lad of some fourteen or so, and he stretched up his little thick-set form to its highest; "don't you know *I* am able to work if I can only get something to do."

"Dear help you, poor fellow!" ejaculated the fond mother, "it's little you can do, I'm afeard."

"I'll soon let you *see* what I can do," said Johnny, with quite a mortified air, "if Simon will only try and get me in somewhere or other."

"That's just what I wanted to see you for, Simon," said Patt as he stooped to move the disabled member with both hands; "I know there's a good many people employed where you are, and we were thinkin', Nancy and myself, that maybe you'd try to get him in. If there's no place there for him, maybe you'd know somebody that would give him work for God's sake."

I smiled sadly at this. "If they don't employ him for the sake of his broad little shoulders, Patt, they'll hardly do it for God's sake. I'm afraid there's no vacancy for the like of him about our place, but I'll see what can be done. I'll come back soon, at any rate, with something better than words."

Blessings were heaped on me to no end, and I was hurrying away with a view to cut them short when on the narrow and somewhat rickety stairs I encountered a person who, notwithstanding the bundle under his arm, I had no difficulty in recognizing as the great and good Bishop of Boston. I stepped back to the landing to let him pass, and he acknowledged the act by a salute as courteous as if I had been an emperor. I saw he was perfectly familiar with the place, and knew well where he was going, for he went straight to Patt Byrne's door, although several other dwellings opened on the same passage. The contents of the clumsy parcel which he carried were not known to me till my next visit to the Byrnes, but I felt that his errand was one of mercy, for Bishop Cheverus was the good Samaritan who, ubiquitous in his exhaustless charity, was found pouring oil on every wound, and ministering in whatever way he could to the wants and woes of his people.*

I afterwards found that his bundle contained clothes which he had begged for Johnny, in order to fit him out for a situation. I had heard a great deal, even from Protestants, of the good bishop's charity, but somehow the more I heard it talked of the less I thought about it. The thing had become as natural as life, and it seemed a matter of course for every one to talk about the acts of Bishop Cheverus. Now that I saw him with my own eyes in the exercise of his benign mission, my heart swelled within me, I felt that such a man was, indeed, "little less than the angels," and as far exalted above the average run of mankind as heaven is above the earth.

The sight of such God-like self-devotion brought me back to a sense of what the world owes to religion, and went far to revive the half-forgotten fervor of my early years. "Well! after all," reasoned I with myself, "it would be a poor world *without* religion. They may make fun of pious people as much as they please, but when sickness, or poverty comes across, it's them that are always ready to lend a hand. Some will have it that religion's only a sham—maybe it is with some, but not with all, *I'll* go bail. Here's the Bishop now—doesn't he do the same thing every day of his life that we read of the Saints doing in old times. And signs on him! there's not man, woman, or child in Boston that doesn't love the ground he walks on. Well! it's a folly to talk, now, I must stir up, this sort of a dead-and-alive way that I'm in will never do. Please God, I'll go to my duty on Saturday next, and I'll write to my mother on Sunday, and I'll go to see poor O'Sullivan. I wonder how he's getting on!"

This frame of mind continued all that week, and I actually performed all I had promised. I bought a barrel of flour for Patt Byrne, and having heard of a situation that I thought might suit Johnny, I went to let them know, but found that the Bishop had been beforehand with me. He had himself got employment for the lad, to commence on the following Monday. This was a drop of joy in the cup of grief, but it hardly served to sweeten it. Dark, and dull, and heavy was the load of sorrow that weighed down the hearts of Patt Byrne and Nancy, and, as they afterwards told me, there were times when they were tempted to curse the day that saw them leave their native land, where they might still have had their son. But these thoughts were speedily repressed, the one rebuking the other for giving utterance to them: "Sure, didn't they know well enough, both of them, that their poor boy's hour was come, and he'd die all the same if he had been at home in the corner with his granny in Derrylavery. I'll warrant," said Nancy, "they heard the banshee this time past about the ould place, for there's never one belongin' to the Shanaghans that dies but she cries them for weeks before. Och! och! it's little notion they'd have that it was our Tommy beyant in America she was cryin'."

Patt's leg, however, was rapidly improving, and that was about the greatest consolation they could all have, under the circumstances. In a couple of weeks he was able to go back to his work, Nancy and the children all watching his first departure from the door with as much pride and satisfaction as if he "walk'd in silk attire," and "siller had to spare," neither of which was poor Patt's case.

On the Sunday I wrote to my mother, and I think she never got a letter from me so consoling to her heart, for I felt as though it was but the day before I had left her, and "the kind old friendly feelings" came gushing out from my heart of hearts. I told my mother how very careless I had been about religion—I told her very frankly, but assured her that for the time to come I was going to turn over a new leaf. I forgot to say, or even to think, "with God's assistance," and so, like boastful Peter, I fell, but unlike him, my fall was a fatal one.

Having finished my letter on that auspicious Sunday afternoon I went to pay my intended visit to Philippus O'Sullivan. The old man's reception of me was kind as heart could wish, but I saw with pain that he could not speak to me freely and openly as of old. He tried hard to *appear* the same, but the effort was too visible, and only made both of us uncomfortable. There was little of the sarcastic in the old man's composition, and yet he gave me more than one severe cut during the hour that I staid with him. I had been telling him of what the Bishop had done for the Byrnes, winding up with a very sincere expression of admiration for his saintly virtues.

"Yes," said Philippus elevating his eyebrows, and fetching a half sigh, "yes! he's a very worthy man, they say—indeed a God-fearing man, too—but, like myself, he belongs to the old school—neither him nor me has any great push in us as regards things mundane——"

I could not but feel that this was meant for me, and I winced under the sting, but yet I could not for my life help laughing when I looked at O'Sullivan and heard him associate his own name and fame with those of the eminent prelate who might well be called the Fenelon of America. I thought the old fellow was serious, but not he indeed, for when I burst out laughing, he laughed, too, in his own dry, unmusical way, then took out his box, gave it the professional tap, and handed it to me.

"Simon," said he as I stood up to go, "I've a crow to pluck with you."

"So I thought, sir," I replied, "what is it?—if it's about what happened down at the water-side that Sunday, you needn't say a word. There's no one sorrier for that than I am."

"It isn't that, Simon! I wish there was nothing worse than that. I'm told you're keeping company with a Protestant girl. I'd like to know if it's true.

"Well, it is not true—at the present time."

"Thank God for that, anyhow—all's well till that comes, Simon!"

"It'll never come, Mr. O'Sullivan!" I replied in all sincerity.

"God grant it!" said Philippus earnestly, as he wrung my hand at parting. I went home in high spirits, rejoicing in the declaration I had just made, as if it were a point gained over the enemy of souls.

(To be continued.)

* It is related in the life of this most worthy prelate that he was very often seen carrying wood up several flights of stairs to poor, destitute persons, and performing for the sick and infirm the most menial offices.

THE LAND OF BURNS.—"In this house," says an inscription on a little cottage not far from Ayr, "Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born;" and on the same cottage, at the other side of the open door, is inscribed the announcement, in similar though larger letters, that the said cottage is "licensed to sell spirits, porter, and ale!"

VESUVIUS ON FIRE—THE ERUPTION.

A correspondent writing from Naples, under date May 31st, gives an account of the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He says:

"On the 21st of May, the first indications of an eruption became visible; on the 26th a stream of lava issued forth, and lasted for three hours; on the 27th at an hour after midnight, the crater trembled and burst in two, forming a new mouth, near the spot where a French gentleman was killed some time since. The lava, however, still continued to run over the mouth. Many smoke holes have been found, throwing out smoke of various colors. This night we felt an earthquake, occasioned by the shock of the mountain."

The report of the 29th of May is as follows:

"On the 27th, at nine, A.M., the crater trembled and then split, forming great fissures, five or six feet in width. It then fell to the bottom. It is impossible to approach it near on account of the danger, and the smoke renders it impossible to make any observations at the bottom. At the foot of the mountain, in the direction of the Atrio del Cavallo, five craters have been found, which throw out 'bombe e saette,' and the great current of lava proceeds in the direction of Ottajano and of the Hermitage. On the 28th, at midday, in the direction of Torre del Greco, a 'mouth' was formed, whence issued a stream of lava, which makes gigantic progress, and affords a wonderful spectacle."

Nothing indeed can be more brilliant than the appearance of the mountain by night, when it seems bathed in fire light. At present no apprehension is felt for consequences, but should the flow of lava continue to advance as it has done within the last two days, much damage may be expected,

June 1st.—Vesuvius is now really a mountain of fire. On all sides flow down streams of lava so wide and rapid that at night the mountain appears to be clothed with fire. I can, indeed, give you but a very imperfect idea of this extraordinary spectacle. Whilst there are four great currents, there are a vast number of other lava streams, which, like threads, or the filaments of network, intersect each other, and unite at various points, forming a mighty flood to pour down on the devoted land. The first great stream is that which descends in the direction of Ottajano. It issues from a mouth in the Atrio del Cavallo, not far from the base of the Somma, and flowing through the valley, it skirts the Hermitage, which it leaves to the left. Some of the ground is calculated in width at about a quarter of a mile, though I have heard of a much greater distance. Round the Hermitage it winds like a serpent, and though in one solid mass, it marches on by detaching from itself gigantic pieces which fall by their own weight. A second stream is not far from it, and takes almost the same direction. A third tends towards Pompeii, and a fourth, which is the most menacing, is making rapidly towards Resina; it has entered in the course of the very stream which destroyed Herculaneum, and the public, who are ever prone to exaggerate or anticipate evil, calculate that travelling at its present rate it must arrive at Resina in a few hours. It has already entered on the road which leads to that town; and the police on Sunday night were advising the people about the Hermitage to be careful lest their road home by Resina should be cut off by the lava. This stream is fed by three mouths, which have opened at about a quarter of a mile from the main cone, which is now almost inactive. The activity of the three mouths above described is something wonderful. They puff, and pump up matter without ceasing, not all together though, but one after another, with such force that the body of matter flows down at a gigantic pace. Already have many vineyards been destroyed, whilst the poor peasants stand by in mute despair, or fill an oratory by the road side in every attitude of supplication. Even the trees protest loudly against the violence of their destroyer. How they hiss, and lament, and throw their agitated limbs about, as if a strong wind were upon them.

On Sunday evening there was an illumination in honor of the Queen, whose marriage day it was; but how paltry and pale the artificial lights of the city looked, contrasted with the brilliant splendors of the mountain! Thousands of people were out there, and almost every country in Europe was represented, judging from the variety of languages one heard spoken. Strange wandering spirits the people looked, each man with a torch in his hand; and in such an extraordinary scene as that it would have required no great stretch of imagination to have fancied them beings of another world.

I spoke above of streams of burning lava, and yet that word gives no adequate idea of the character of the mass of fire which is coming down. It is not a fluid stream; it is a gigantic river of glowing coke, and millions of pieces of it are all grinding and rolling against one another; they make a noise as of shingles on the beach washed by a stormy sea, only the waves must be continuous, for the sound of the fiery flood never ceases. Of the dimensions of those streams it is impossible to speak with any precision, so easily is the eye deceived, and especially by night. Of some streams you only see the crest, and are apt to imagine them smaller than they really are, whilst others appear so long and wide as to cause an exaggerated calculation of their proportions. With respect to their height, too, as you stand before them and retreat step by step, the impression is, that they may fall down like a cascade of molten lead and overwhelm you; and yet, so far from doing so, the mass is never diminished, the continuity of progress is not stopped, whilst progress is made only by the continual falling over of the fragments. The effect is inexpressibly wonderful.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

[*From Household Words.*]

Three and twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the public. They began when I was so young that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century. Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, or deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do anything with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavored to discharge that duty. My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience. For the first time in my life, and I believe the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own journal in my own private character, and entresting all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling), to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words. Some domestic troubles of mine, of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole orgin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been throughout within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it. By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed like an unwholesome air. Those who know me and my nature need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcileable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the usual means to which I now resort, of circulating the truth. I do most solemnly declare, then—and this I do both in my own name and my wife's—that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced are abominably false, and that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie before heaven and earth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

EXTRAORDINARY WARLIKE PREPARATIONS OF FRANCE.

The *Times* of Thursday says: "France is undoubtedly arming on a great scale, with a method, a system, and deliberations, formidable to all her neighbors. Her army, already large, is undergoing a considerable increase. She is just on the point of completing a railway, which connects all her military stations with the fortifications of Cherbourg—a fort constructed at enormous pains and vast expense, and possessing every facility that skill can devise for the embarkation of very large bodies of troops. France is, besides, busily engaged in the construction of great steam fleets, and propelled on the very best and newest principles at present developed by the art of war, and is gathering up her colossal strength, and would appear to be on the eve of some vast enterprise, in the prosecution of which her strength is to be put forth to the utmost. It is in vain that we seek for anything in the present condition of France which can account for the remarkable proceedings to which we most unwillingly allude. We cannot believe for a moment that the enormous preparations France is making are not intended for extensive warfare. If we grant that the army is increased for the purpose of insuring domestic tranquillity, what grounds have we to account for the corresponding cotemporaneous augmentation of her fleet. If France is intended to arm, we must be content to lie at her mercy or arm also. She forces us most unwillingly to undergo the expense of a Channel Fleet. It is impossible that two powerful and neighboring nations can, at the same time, be arming against each other and united in close alliance and cordial friendship."

GOT ENOUGH OF GLORY.—We understand that 150 officers serving in India have tendered their resignation to General Colin Campbell.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The British government have decided on not risking another defeat by continuing the prosecution of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan. The proceedings are to be abandoned.

WANDERINGS BY THE RIVER SHANNON.

ITS ATTRACTIONS AND BEAUTIFUL ANTIQUITIES.

This noble river, to which Limerick is indebted for so much of its prosperity, runs for a few miles in an inconsiderable stream, till it diffuses itself into a spacious lake called Lough Allen. From this lake to Cloondsa, a distance of thirty-six miles, there is a tedious navigation by the river, some small lakes and short canals, the trade is consequently but trifling. Here the Shannon is joined by the Royal Canal, thirty-eight miles from the other line, and six farther up near Lanesborough, it spreads into Lough Ree, four miles in breadth and fifteen in length, and then, assuming the form of a large and beautiful river, runs to Athlone. From this town it flows in a narrow stream for seventeen miles to Shannon Harbor, where it is joined by the Grand Canal, sixty-two miles from Dublin and forty-one from Limerick. The packet boats reach the harbor in twenty-one hours from the capital. Soon after leaving Portumna, the Shannon again proudly expands her ample surface into Lough Derg, eighteen miles in length and four in breadth. Within half a mile from Killaloe, the Shannon reassumes the form of a river, and from thence flows in a majestic stream to the sea, a distance of nearly eighty Irish miles. At the falls of Killaloe, the river descends twenty-one feet in a mile. From thence the river proceeds to the delightful village of Castle Connell, celebrated for its chalybeate spa, and the romantic beauty of its scenery, which embraces a view of the great falls of Doonass and Hermitage, and the rapids of Newgarden and Clareville. The falls of Doonass and Hermitage are some of the finest in the United Kingdom—here the whole Shannon is impelled with tremendous force and deafening noise over a succession of craggy limestone rocks, down a descent of sixty feet in about half a mile, and this spot is perhaps unequalled for its grandeur and picturesque scenery.

The praises and beauties of Limerick have been so often sung by bards and minstrels, that we dare not touch upon it here; however, we cannot quit this immortal spot, without quoting a few of the verses which Mr. Hayes, the poet, addressed to the place of his nativity or Limerick. He begins thus:

"Farewell dear Limerick, whose beleaguered wall,
So oft the bolts of raging Britons stood,
Before thy gates how many thousands met their fall;
And, with their bodies, choked the spacious flood.

"Parent of heroes; each illustrious child
Renewed thy fame, through every golden age,
Propitious fortune on their labors smiled,
And, with their triumphs, swelled the storied page.

"Thine was Boirohme, who fierce in days of yore,
'Gainst Denmark's power, his hardy squadrons led,
Loud raged the fight, on Clontarf's sounding shore,
When by his arm, the stern Northmen bled.

* * * * * * * * *

"Southwell is thine, with every power to please,
The patriot's freedom, and the courtier's art;
That noble art of elegance and ease,
To win, and hold the captivated heart.

"With him, how pleasing flew the instructive hours,
By Castle Connell's sacred fountain laid,
Whilst fruits and blossoms decked the high-arched bowers,
And purple fragrance blushed in every mead."

From Limerick the Shannon flows in a broad and majestic volume to the sea, bounded on either side by the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Kerry, many parts of which it fertilizes by its tributary streams. About a mile from Limerick is the pool, where ships of any size can find safe anchorage. Farther down the river, on the Limerick side, are Tervoe and Cooper's-hill, the fine residences of Wm. Monsell, Esq., M.P., and also of James Cooper, Esq., and on the opposite shore Cratloe and Newtown, seats of members of the O'Brien family. In the centre of the river, near Newtown, are rocks called the Scarlets, upon which a tower is built, and at each side is a channel for ships. On the Clare side of the river in this quarter are the celebrated remains of Bunratty Castle on the estate of Mr. Studdart, while the Limerick shore is ornamented by the fine plantations of Shannon-Grove, Castletown, Ballysteen, and Bushey Island, the country seats of Lord Charleville, John Waller, Colonel Westropp, and Darcy Evans. The Shannon here expands to the breadth of three miles, and on the mainland on the northern shore stands Mr. Scott's fine residence of Cahirconn, near which is a safe anchorage for ships, called "Labesheeda," and on the opposite shore, Mount Trenchard, the seat of Stephen Edward Rice, Esq. Four miles from this is the large and populous village of Glynn, and between that place and Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, the noble mansion of the Knight of Glynn, and a beautiful cottage of Lancelot Kiggell, Esq. Kilrush is a considerable town, the property of the Right Hon. John Ormsley Vandeleur, who has a fine house and demesne in this vicinity. The house of Mr. Vandeleur commands a view of Mangerton, and MacGillicuddy's Reeks at Killarney, Brandon Mountain, Kerry-head, and the mouth of the Shannon. The inner area of this sublime prospect is enriched by a view of one of the finest harbors in Europe, including Bale-var, Kilcredane points, Rebyhill, and the castles of Carrigaholt and Carrigfoyle, with the round tower and harbor of Innisscattery, which is strikingly beautiful. The castle of Carrigaholt, once celebrated as the residence of the unfortunate Viscount Clare, was, with the whole Peninsula of Corcavaskin, the property of a branch of the ancient family of MacMahon. The proprietor in Queen Elizabeth's reign was Tiegh Keugh MacMahon, who being married to a daughter of Lord Kerry, became deeply implicated in the rebellion of, that period, and spent the greater part of his time with his companions in arms on the other side of the river, leaving his wife and a beautiful daughter in the castle of Carrigaholt. During one of these intervals of absence, the celebrated Earl of Thomond sent his brother, Henry O'Brien, of Trummera Castle, to remonstrate with his relative MacMahon, respecting some outrages which he had committed; but young O'Brien appeared to be so captivated by the charms of MacMahon's beautiful daughter, as to forget the object of his embassy. A mutual attachment was the consequence, and O'Brien lingered for three weeks at the castle, during which time his mornings were frequently devoted to the pleasures of the chase. The lovers, however, despaired to obtain MacMahon's consent to their union, and his savage disposition and rooted aversion to the Thomond family rendered it highly probable that he would assassinate O'Brien, should he find him at the castle on his return. It was therefore agreed that should her father arrive during his absence, and manifest a spirit of hostility towards him, the young lady should hoist a black handkerchief on the northern pinnacle of the fortress. Carrigaholt was then as it is now enclosed by a court yard and high walls on one side, and the cliffs and bay on the other, from which to the white strand on the Moryata side of the creek, there is a passage of great depth.

Young O'Brien returned from the chase one evening, so much absorbed in thought, that he neglected looking to the top of the castle till he had entered the gate, and the shouts of the guards who were approaching to seize him directed his eye to the spot where waved the fatal signal. The greater part of his followers were secured; but to the astonishment of MacMahon, young O'Brien and his servant plunged with their horses into the foaming tide from the black rock near the castle, under a heavy fire from the assassins, which killed the servant and wounded O'Brien in the hand. The latter was immediately sent by his brother to the Court of Elizabeth, with his arm in a sling, where he represented the treachery of his relative in such glowing colors that MacMahon was declared an outlaw, and the entire estate granted to the injured O'Brien. Young O'Brien now returned in triumph, and got possession of the fair object of his wishes, with the castle of Carrigaholt, and the great estate of West Corcavaskin. In our next letter we will sketch the ruins and antiquities of Innisscattery, as we have not space here.

E. H.

THE PERIL OF ENGLAND.

[*From the Nation.*]

The present aspect of the political world has set people to reflecting seriously on the undeniable peril in which not merely the British Empire, but England herself, is placed. In India her army is perishing, without having performed the work expected from it. In China she has failed to effect the object of her base attack, and her arms are about to be withdrawn from the place. In Persia she has had to abandon her pretensions and the cherished policy of twenty years—because the Indian struggle is draining her lifeblood, and she is incapable of exertion at those points. Before insulted and resentful America she cowers, crouches, craves forgiveness, and promises not to offend any more—while the very name of the French Army makes her tremble. Every reflecting man in Europe knows that the existence of England as an independent nation is at this moment dependent on the will and word of his Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon. How soon that word may be spoken no one can tell, bu many close observers say the time is near. On this point we refer the reader to a remarkable article from the *Times*. It has awakened the greatest alarm in England and every one now perceives the danger pointed out. Thus stands the case—England, which, at the best of times, is utterly incapable of resisting an invading army, is now almost denuded of troops—France has an immense military force anxious for employment. The French Emperor, the Army, and the whole French nation have been irritated to the furthest point of endurance by the English press. In London, a rich and totally undefended capital, the enemies of the Emperor are daily and nightly meeting, speeching, and planning his destruction. The capture of London would make of the present Emperor another Great Napoleon—the sack of London would avenge Waterloo—the destruction of London would give peace to the world. Russia and France are known to be on the best and closest of terms. Russia has long been endeavoring to make her way to the north of India. An alliance between France and Russia creates at once a fleet to match with that of England, and an irresistible army, and with these the pride of England is easily humbled, her power is easily broken, her career of mischief and insult is brought to an end—Russia takes the north of India, and France having settled her own account, reduces England to fifth-rate power, *en permanence*, by giving to certain long-oppressed nations — INDEPENDENCE — if they are prepared for it, and prove themselves worthy of the blessing. We must not be indifferent to this state of things. Not often does Providence bring about those periods of convulsion among the nations when old and corrupt organizations are shaken to pieces and new combinations are effected—those periods when the fetters imposed by men upon their fellow-men are loosened almost miraculously and but a little effort is required to cast them off for ever, and spring into the enjoyment of that honorable, pure and holy Liberty which God intended for mankind. But such a period is now approaching. Men of Ireland, long fathful and full of hope, take care that you are awake, and watching, with your lamps burning!"

IRISH HISTORY—CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Mr. O'Brennan has had the honor to receive the following kind letter from H. E. Cardinal Wiseman:

"LONDON, June 2d, 1858.

"DEAR SIR:—I thank you very sincerely for your copy of your 'Ireland,' which I will read with pleasure, though I must not admit myself to be either totally ignorant or at all heedless of the struggles and sufferings of the country where both my father and my mother were born, and to which both their families belonged.

"I do not well know how I could have introduced the topic of Ireland into my late work, as its scene lies so completely in Italy. But you are quite right in believing that I have warm and sincere sympathies with it, though my lot has been cast by a kind Providence at a distance from it.

"Accept, in return for your kind thought of me, and your kinder expressions, my sincere prayers for your happiness, and my poor blessing. I am, ever-dear Sir, your affectionate servant in Christ, "N. CARD. WISEMAN.

"Martin A. O'Brennan, Esq."

NO PAPISTS NEED APPLY.—It is stated on authority that can scarcely be called in question that there were nearly 200 applicants for the office rendered vacant by the sudden demise of John O'Connell. This is perhaps not so much to be wondered at; but there is one fact connected with these numerous applications for the clerkship of the Hanaper Office that deserves some notice, inasmuch as it demonstrates more plainly than anything else we could urge the utter exclusion of Catholics from office and emolument under Orange rule in Ireland. It is asserted, namely, that amongst the 200 applicants there is not a single Catholic. If this statement be, as we believe, correct, it shows how utterly hopeless and useless Catholics must think it to solicit Government for any exercise in their favor of that patronage which is so extensively at the disposal of the minister of the day. *Opus opificem probat*, the work shows the workman. The Tories have been about six months in office, and so far as we know they have not given a single place of emolument to a Catholic, and so it will be to the end of the chapter.—*Carlow Post.*

GOING TO ENGLAND FOR FAME—MR. RAREY.

[*From the N. Y. Tribune.*]

The British press is full of Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer. Mr. Rarey is famous in England. Mr. Rarey accordingly is famous in America. Reputation—fame—is having one's name repeated a certain, or an uncertain, number of times. We question if any reputation in the full sense of the term can be acquired in this country without the intervention of this foreign indorsement. Barnum might have indulged in his Tom Thumb nonsense to all eternity in New York, and remained an average showman; but he went to Europe, exhibited a dwarf before the Queen, and all loyalty and flunkeydom then rushed to see the sight—rushed past Hayden's picture without considering it, and thus saving the painter from suicide. All this muck was duly copied into the American press, and Barnum's fortune was made. When Jenny Lind was lyrically canonized in England, her fame was established, and of course donkeydom brayed responsive on this side of the Atlantic. Our yachts were considered as matters of course—not worth as much notice as our oyster-boats. They went a little faster or a little slower—what odds? But a yacht goes to England—beats the whole English regatta—beats them out of sight—and the America then figured in telegraphic despatches, in solemn leaders, and was a great historical fact. Not to multiply examples, let us take this latest piece of our national fame created in England, that of Mr. Rarey. The horse-tamer, Mr. Rarey, is as well known in England to newspaper readers as the royal family, and here his feats are as famous as those of Walker the fillibuster. But how much of Mr. Rarey would be famous had he tamed the horses in New York, where everybody is nobody, and not gone to England and tamed horses of the the court and nobility! Mr. Rarey would have been spoken of perhaps by a few young men and old men, whose talk is of horses; but of reputation—fame—he would not have much. Not that Mr. Rarey does not do a great thing; not that he is not original; not that the best mode of subduing and training horses is not a heroic idea—heroic in point of manly courage, of gentle sentiment, of industrial economics, of national grandeur even—for the horse and his rider are two of the greatest facts in history, the conjuncts of conquest, the symbols of civilization; but there is nobody here to glorify Mr. Rarey—nobody here stands for the nation—and, moreover, nothing surprises New York, and New York makes the least possible account of everything done in other American cities. But Mr. Rarey's celebrity—borne on the electric wires; celebrated in the leading articles of the London journals; used by Mr. *Punch* to set forth Cabinet rearings, kickings, and subjugations; certified to by Lord Dorchester, proprietor of that terrible beast Cruiser, who was too bad to live and too precious to kill—now is accepted with deference by New York. Mr. Rarey is *the* horse-tamer. The value of horse-taming—the trouble, limbs and lives it saves—its moral sublimity—all is now acknowledged. And yet Mr. Rarey is not alone. Men here profess to tame horses, and nobody notices them in the magnificence of big type. How is this? There is Mr. Emmons, of a neighboring city, who gives lessons at a riding school to classes, and "any horse, muel, or zebra that can be produced will be tamed and controlled by his command." Will nobody, representing foreign nations, indorse Mr. Emmons? Will Lord Napier? Why must the prophet go abroad for honor? Must the fact of the equality of ranks in this country—the consequent absence of any national representative, whose smile is as the sun's glory, and whose praise is as the all-encasing air—must this cause us to neglect great and good things which Heaven showers upon us, and wait until we can get them, alienated of their native majesty, from foreign hands? Fenimore Cooper wrote fiercely and bitterly on his countrymen, and truly, when he said the most ordinary single line of praise of an American author in a British Review was prized as gold; while the most intelligent and elaborate criticism made here at home was despised as dross. This, as regards literature, is now largely changed for the better; but as a rule, in the whole scope of American achievement, we are shamefully wanting in that rapid and complete recognition of what is great and good in the thoughts and deeds of men.

AN INDIAN BATTLE IN MINNESOTA—A WHOLE TOWN WATCHING THE BATTLE.

The *Minnesotian*, Extra, printed at Shakopee, gives an account of a battle between two Indian tribes, Chippewas and Sioux, which took place in that vicinity, and of which the citizens of Shakopee were gratified spectators:

"The Chippewas numbered, according to different enumerations made of them at houses where they passed, 150 to 200 warriors. They arrived in the woods opposite to Murphy's landing, below Shakopee, during Wednesday night. The first intimation the Sioux had of their presence was the killing of one of their number, at daybreak, who was fishing in a canoe. His squaw immediately fled to the tepees, which are about a mile below the town, and gave the alarm, when the Sioux warriors to the number of 40 or 50 seized their guns, and at once proceeded to the ferry under cover of the bushes on the south bank. A rapid fire then commenced between the hostile tribes across the river, which did no damage to either party on account of the distance. The Chippewas fell back, however, and the Sioux in a body crossed over the ferry, and the battle again commenced in the timber with a murderous ferocity, and lasted about five hours. The warfare was conducted in regular Indian style—a running fight among the trees and logs, and grass, interspersed with a few hand-to-hand conflicts with tomahawks and war clubs. When a Sioux would fall he was immediately carried to the rear and taken across on the ferry boat. Several who were also severely wounded were taken to the rear, but as soon as they recovered a little would again rush back into the thickest of the fight. The Sioux are said to have acted with the greatest bravery during the whole battle, charging upon and following the enemy with a perfect desperation. Whenever a Chippewa would fall, his head was immediately cut off and carried to the rear. Four ghastly heads were thus taken over the river and exhibited with great exultation by the squaws who were busy all the time carrying ammunition (which, it is said, was furnished by citizens to them free of charge) and encouraging their warriors.

"About 10 o'clock the Chippewas drew off and the whole force retreated over the bluffs, in the direction of Lake Minnetonka, leaving four of their warriors behind them, one of whom, from the decorations on the scalp, is supposed to be a distinguished chief. As they passed a certain point on their trail they were carrying six, and some accounts say eight, wounded braves on litters, besides those wounded who were able to walk, some of whom seemed to be badly hurt. The Sioux then returned to their encampment with great exultation over their victory, and counted their loss, when it was found that two were killed, two pronounced by physicians present to be fatally wounded more or less.

"During the whole battle the high bank which overlooked the bottom across the river, near Mayor Murphy's house, was lined with spectators; indeed, 'the whole town' might be said to have been watching the fight, and seeming to enjoy the unusual spectacle of two nations of barbarians murdering, mangling, mutilating each other, in full sight of a city of Christians, its churches, court-houses, and institutions of learning. Barbarism and its brutal spectacles in contrast with enlightenment and its blessings."

A SHREWD DOG.—There is a large dog on Peak's Island, that watches from day to day the arrival of the pleasure parties, and attaches himself to the party that carries the largest basket. He has been observed to do this on several occasions. Among several parties on Wednesday, he saw but one with a basket, and he took to that as readily as a duck does to water. We noticed this dog last year, on several occasions, billeting himself upon strangers. He is at his old habits again, and means to have his forage cheap this summer.—*Portland Advertiser.*

It is a very common thing to abuse lawyers. Briefless lawyers, however, should always be excepted. It would be wrong to speak of a man "without a cause."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The *Northern Whig* thus describes the state of Belfast on the fifth night of the Orange riots: "If a stranger had entered Belfast yesterday evening, about five o'clock, he might have come to the very accurate conclusion that the town was in a state both of civil and religious war. If our readers at a distance can imagine some 800 or 900 infantry, a squadron of cavalry, 200 constabulary, and a large body of the local force, marshalled for the protection of the peace of Belfast, at five o'clock yesterday evening, they may be able to arrive at a conception of the state of this part of the north of Ireland." In an editorial comment upon this disgraceful state of affairs, the *Whig* remarks: "From these quarrels, indeed, it is unnecessary to say that all respectable Protestants hold perfectly aloof; it is equally unnecessary to say that all respectable persons of both religions earnestly desire that peace were restored to this distracted and blockaded town. Most unquestionably, the great bulk of the inhabitants of Belfast are about as quiet a population as is anywhere to be found in the three kingdoms; and yet, as sure as a certain season of the year comes round, a district of the town in the immediate vicinity of the west-end becomes the battle-field where infuriated combatants vent all their theological rage on each other, and cut and maul each others persons with paving-stones and bludgeons. Friday night the rioting was not resumed; but for this gratifying state of things we have no reason to thank the Orange ruffians, who created and have carried on these disgraceful proceedings. The strength of the military was increased by the arrival of thirty of the Scots Greys from Dundalk, and about fifty of the same regiment, at eleven o'clock at night, from Dublin. To this additional force may be added sixty members of the reserve constabulary from Phœnix Park, under Sub Inspectors Kerr and O'Loghlan. As these troops passed into town there was everywhere, except among the Orangemen, an evident feeling of regret felt over the disgraceful state to which this neighborhood has been reduced."

A very perfect specimen of that antique and princely Irish ornament, the golden collar, may be seen at present at the establishment of Messrs. Gilbert & Son, High street, Belfast. It is plainer in style than many "tors" to be found in public and private museums; but the device which surrounds the outer and inner edges of the rim, composed of delicately-traced dentated and waving lines, is very beautiful and in fine preservation. It is about twenty-six inches in circumference, and the rim at the widest part, about two and a half inches across. Its thickness is about one-fourth that of a sovereign, and its weight upwards of two and a half ounces. The gold is unusually pure in quality. The collar was dug up out of a ditch by a farmer in the county Armagh.

An excursion train left Monaghan for Belfast recently. The rarity of the thing attracted a great concourse of people to the station, and fully 500 passengers from all parts of the country went off by the train. This number was greatly augmented at the Glasslough, Tynan, and Armagh stations, so that at least one thousand must have taken the advantage afforded them of a cheap visit to the Northern Capital. The train returned in the evening with its tired, but pleased excursionists.—*Northern Standard.*

We have received the first sample of this season's growth of potatoes from Bessmount garden. They were grown entirely in the open air, and are of the toley kind. Some of them weigh upwards of six ounces. The general crop of early potatoes in this district look uncommonly well, and may be expected to come into market fully a fortnight earlier than last year.—*Ibid.*

Armagh.

A meeting of the proprietors of the Armagh Gas Company was held, William Paton, Esq., in the chair. The report from the Committee of Management showed a net profit on the year of about 22 per cent. on the paid up capital, being the largest amount of profit realized in any one year since the formation of the company. The usual dividend per share was declared, and it was recommended that the price of the gas to consumers be reduced to 5s. 5d. the 1,000 cubic feet—a price lower than that of any inland town in Ireland.

The early sown flax has suffered seriously in this county from the recent heavy rains, hail and night frosts. To these the fly appears to have added its ravages; the farmers of the county think the early-sown crop will be an almost total failure. The late-sown flax, sown in the commencement of May, is luxuriant, and promises remarkably well.—*Guardian.*

Carlow.

As a farmer named Lawrence Moore, residing at Turrah, in the Queen's County, was proceeding homewards, from Carlow, he had reached the commencement of the New Road, in Graigue, when his horse, having taken fright, suddenly became restive, and plunged the cart against the path, thereby upsetting it. Moore, who was sitting at the "leading" or left side of the cart, thus came under it, and for a moment his life was in the utmost jeopardy, the horse continuing to kick in the most furious manner, and causing the cart to spin round upon the wheel still on the ground. Head-Constable Dancy, of the Graigue station, happened to be near the spot at the moment, and immediately hastened to the succor of the unfortunate man—first succeeding in extricating him from his dangerous *duresse*, and then procuring what assistance he could from his men and the people of the neighborhood. Moore was taken to one of the adjacent houses, when it was found that he had sustained some very severe bruises which, if not properly attended to, might be fraught with serious consequences.—*Post.*

Mrs. Whyte, Presentation Convent, acknowledges the receipt of £5 sterling, per Mrs. Cosslett, of Clondalkin, in aid of the Convent Schools.—*Ibid.*

Cork.

A few sympathizers with unrequited genius are making an effort to raise a memorial to the late Edward Walsh, whose valuable translations from the Irish did so much to reveal the treasures of poetry which lay hidden in our ancient tongue. It is not intended to make an absurd contrast between what was done for him in life and after death by any splendid mockery; a modest testimonial to his worth and his genius is all that would be suitable to his career, and is all that is designed by those who have originated the project. We believe it is one that will be sympathized in and aided by every true Irishman. We shall be most happy to be the medium of transmitting to the committee any subscriptions that may be sent to us.—*Examiner.*

There is now being fitted up in Cork a magnificent saloon, adjoining the Chamber of Commerce, and in connection with the Victoria Hotel. This splendid room is over sixty feet long, and is beautifully got up. The decorations and embellishments will be of the most *recherche* and attractive character, and all of local skill and design. The lighting of this room will be rather novel in Cork, which will be by means of those very brilliant gasaliers, known as "sun lights," now so much used at all the clubs in London, the effect of which is most dazzling. It is intended for a *salle d-manger* for ladies and gentlemen to dine in, after the Paris and Continental fashion, and must prove a great attraction to tourists during the summer.

A very fine specimen of white Lammas wheat, which was in ear on the 1st of June, was left at the *Constitution* office. It was grown on the lands of Mr. Jermyn, of Douglas. A sample of oats, even still further advanced, was brought into Ballymarile Sessions House by Mr. Knolles of Oathlands.

The works on the Mallow and Fermoy Railway are progressing rapidly; a large number of men and horses are daily employed near Mallow at the earth and other works; the waggons and other machinery have arrived at the Mallow station, in order to forward the works as quickly as possible.

Derry.

The east end of this beautiful and quiet watering place (Portrush) was thrown into indescribable confusion and dismay. Mr. Joseph Young, Innkeeper, was attacked by *delirium tremens*, and in a fit of it, broke out, on the morning in question, and having forced open the hall door of Mr. Stewart's house, went into the bed-room of a superannuated custom house officer, Mr. Purcell, and dragging him from his bed, beat the helpless old man with a spade till he imagined he had killed him. Fortunately, however, he was arrested in his career, and tied down by his neighbors till the police were sent for to Bushmills, else he would have murdered his wife and child, who were arrested from his grasp by Mr. Campbell, Spring hill.

Dublin.

The Orange Lodge has issued two addresses to its admiring fraternity. One is very brief consisting of half a dozen sentences. This address advises that there be no external demonstrations on the approaching anniversary, and earnestly trusts "that all processions, beating of drums, and other demonstrations prohibited under legal penalties will be avoided." The latter sentence, of course, includes and covers, for the present, the pleasant July pastime of shooting at Catholics and "clodding" stones through the windows of their houses. This is so far well, yet we would have the Orangemen to understand that we are not much concerned about their internal demonstrations. The Grand members may get as grandly drunk as they please, not only on the 12th, but before and after for as long a period as their heads can stand the strain, they may stagger and hiccup and swear about their rooms every night of the year till they get hoarse and fall asleep—with all this we have nothing to do; it is only when their grandeurs issue out of doors and fall to wounding and slaying their neighbors that we are forced to remonstrate. The Grand Lodge have, however, issued a second address. It is a shameful production. One feels a thrill of awe and disgust as he reads those blaspemous familiarities with the name of God, those extraordinary affectations of piety coming from a set of fellows who are best known by their continual connection with riots and disturbances, housebreaking, assaults, and batteries, and murder. —*Nation.*

At the establishment of Mr. John Donegan, we have seen one of those beautiful specimens of Irish art, for which his establishment is now become so conspicuous, a chalice of massive size, the base of which is a hexagon figure, in each compartment of which there is a raised figure. 1st. The Redeemer; in four others, the Four Evangelists, and in the side to face the Tabernacle, the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, accompanied by her holy parents, St Joachim and St. Anne. We understand the chalice is to be the property of the Presentation Monks, whose respected superior is now, by the authority of the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, collecting supscriptions in Dublin to aid towards the completion of those splendid schools and monastery, which rise beneath the walls of Pugin's great work, the Catholic Cathedral of Killarney.—*Ibid.*

The death of the Surgeon-General, Sir Philip Crampton, took place at the residence of the deceased Baronet, in Merrion Square. Sir Philip had reached the advanced age of 79 years, but he retained the full possession of his great mental powers and extraordinary physical activity, till overtaken by the severe malady against which his powerful constitution was unable to bear up. Sir Philip, who was an assistant-surgeon 62 years ago, obtained a baronetcy under Lord Mulgrave's Administration in 1839, to which his eldest son, John Fiennes, now Ambassador at he Court of St. Petersburg, succeeds. The title of Surgeon-General is a mere honorary distinction, which will not, most probably, be conferred upon any other person.

The subscriptions for the family of the late Mr. John O'Connell come in less freely than could have been expected. The gross amount already received scarcely reaches £1,500. The country parts have not yet responded, but a large addition to the fund may be counted upon from the southern counties—Cork, Limerick, and Kerry. The eldest son of the late Maurice O'Connell, and the heir to the residue of the Darrynane estates, is serving his time to an architect.

It is rumored in military circles that, the lances, now in use by the old 5th Royal Irish Dragoons, are to be withdrawn and a most formidable weapon on the principle of the old Irish Pike is to be issued to that corps. The pike will be furnished with a pennon of green similar to a lance flag.—*Freeman.*

Kerry.

The Killarney Junction Railway Company will pay a dividend for the half year ended 30th April, 1858, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, leaving a surplus of £1,471 1s. 10d.

Mr. John Roche has been elected coroner for Tralee without opposition.

Kilkenny.

Large sums of money, upon two occasions, have been found in a hedge, near Kilkenny. The last sum was discovered by a boy named Bourke, of Upper John street, who was looking for birds' nests opposite the Pocock Institution. Bourke, although very poor, at once placed it in the hands of the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, to whom he stated the singular fact, that, being for some time out of employment, and in a starving state, he prayed for a week previously that God would put something in his way to keep his hands from evil! His prayers were heard, for he discovered this large sum of money, the amount of which is believed to exceed £100. Since the above discovery, following so soon on the turning up of a similar treasure at the Gazabo, crowds of people are out every day, in the language of the Australian gold fields, engaged in "prospecting" in the hopes of finding a new "placer." Every hedge, bush, and tuft of underwood throughout the surrounding district has been well examined, but although reports of the finding of other nuggets are plenty enough, we believe that they are all unfounded, and that no further success has attended the "digging" amongst the hedges of Garretcreen and the Gazabo.—*Moderator.*

Limerick.

Mr. Staunton Cahill, formerly a resident of the adjoining county of Clare, and a magistrate of that county, was recently discharged from the Queen's Bench, where he was confined to prevent his marriage with Miss Mahon, a near relative of the late Lord Hartland. The lady to whom he was attached became of age on the day previous to his discharge, when the law relaxed its hold, and faithful to her predilection immediately on becoming her own mistress, married the gentleman of her choice, though vastly her senior, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton. It is gratifying to have to record such instances of fidelity, and we are proud of the Irish blood, which always tells where the truth and virtue of the guardian angel of the Emerald Isle are tested.—*Chronicle*

During a recent thunderstorm one of the instruments at the telegraph office at the Limerick Junction was struck by the lightning, and the plate of the instrument was burned up like a cinder, and the connecting wires melted as if in a cauldron. The report of the shock was louder than the report of a gun. Mr. Lewis Hansard, the principal telegram clerk at the station, had a providential escape, as he was close to the instrument at the time.

Louth.

There are, at present, some cases of epidemic disease in Dundalk and its vicinity. By far the greater number of patients are children. The diseases are small pox, measles, whooping cough, scarletina, and worm fever. Several children have died, and the small pox has proved fatal to a few adults. The recent frequent changes in the temperature, within even a very limited number of hours, may, in some degree, account for the visitations in question.

The cereal brairds are everywhere rich in promise, and the potato—the poor man's commissariat—looks remarkably vigorous. In this county the national esculent is gradually regaining its former extent of territory. The grass is rich. In fact vegetation in general presents all the luxuriance of a tropical climate. By our exchange papers we learn that harvest prospects are most cheering in all parts of Ireland.—*Newry Examiner.*

Mr. Fortescue, M. P., voted for the abolition of the property qualification as a test for parliamentary candidature.—*Ibid.*

Roscommon.

Mr. King Tennison entertained the officers of the Roscommon Militia and the surrounding gentry at a *fete champtre* at his beautiful residence. A large and tasteful marquee figured on the ground, while music and feats of archery assisted to engage the attention during the day of fully 250 guests, amongst whom were, from this county, in addition to the officers, Mr. Grace, M P., Mantua; Mr. R. Irwin, Rathmile; Mr. D. O'Connor, Mt. Druid; Mr. Ross Mahon, Strokestown House; Mr. John Irwin, Raheen; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strickland, Loughlynn; Mr. and Mrs. Strickland, Castlemore. Dancing commenced at eight o'clock, and was kept up almost without intermission in the great hall of the castle, until long after daylight.—*Messenger.*

We regret to find so much delay has occurred in entering on the necessary arrangements for getting up our annual races at Lenabane. However, everything bids fair for a cordial operation. We understand a meeting was held to arrange all the necessary preliminaries.—*Ibid.*

The report of Mr. Grace's intended retirement from the representation of this county, in the event of a dissolution, is unfounded.—*Ibid.*

We understand the site for the new convent has been laid out, and that the work will commence immediately.—*Ibid.*

The house of a man named Thomas Toorisk, herd to Mr. Taaffe, at Doonard, was [accidentally burned to the ground.

Sligo.

Not long ago a conviction was obtained in the court of assizes at the instance of the Queen against John M'Gowan, Mayor of Sligo; Hugh Connellan and Joseph Foley, the mayor's deputies, and William Ward and John O'Brien, poll clerks, "for conspiring together previous to the last election for the borough of Sligo to return Mr. Somers," the Liberal candidate, "by a fictitious majority, produced by corrupt and illegal means." An objection was taken by the defendants as to the right exercised by the prosecutor of challenging jurors, and the point was decided against the objectors in the Court of Criminal Appeal a few weeks ago. The conviction was thus affirmed, and they were bound to surrender themselves within ten days after notice had been given them. The ten days' notice has expired, and the parties have accordingly surrendered themselves, and are all now lodged in Sligo jail.—*Nation.*

The Midland Great Western Company are endeavoring to obtain a loan from government for the construction of a line from Longford to Sligo, and a leading member of the company is at present in London for the purpose.

Tipperary.

A very sudden death took place under the following circumstances in Carrick-on-Suir. The deceased, Mr. Nicholas Harney, steward of Mr. Mulcahy of Ballynoran, was in town attending divine service at the Catholic chapel at 10 o'clock Mass, at which he received the Holy Communion. On his return home Mr. Harney Went into a baker's shop in the main street, in which he purchased a penny worth of bread; he was in the act of putting a little bit in his mouth when he fell down and expired. The deceased was a very temperate liver, much respected, and had property to the amount of £200.

There were two persons named Kiely and Greene brought into Tipperary by the police, charged with the murder of William Greene, one of them a brother to the man previously committed, and the other a nephew to the deceased. The police have discovered a hatchet, a hay knife, and a turnip cutter, implements likely to inflict wounds similar to those which the body of the deceased exhibited. These weapons were in the house of the prisoners.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

A Tipperary correspondent writes as follows: 'An action is to be tried at the next assizes of Nenagh for false imprisonment. The plaintiff, a young woman, seeks damages for having been kept in gaol to give evidence against the Cormacks. Spillane (who is the son of a policeman) is under the protection of the constabulary, to be forthcoming as a witness against parties charged with conspiracy to murder Col. Knox, of Brittas, near Thurles."

At the races of Tipperary a young gentleman was despoiled of his gold watch, value £20, by an expert member of the swell-mob, within the weighing ground. Of course the detention of the offender was a matter of impossibility as there were at least 200 or 300 persons within the enclosed ground at the time.—*Free Press.*

It is a circumstance to be recorded to the credit of the peasantry, that there was not a single person arrested for drunkenness on the fair day, and not a charge of any nature to be heard before the magistrate, who attended in the evening at the police office.—*Ibid.*

Messrs. Daniel O'Meara and William Hill, of Nenagh, killed lately with a cross-line no less than 45 fine trout, some of which weighed as much as 6lbs. each, while angling on Lough Derg.

Waterford.

The body of Mr. Harris, one of the young gentlemen drowned in Waterford harbor by the upsetting of a boat, on May 16th, has been recovered, having been washed ashore about a mile below Passage, where it was discovered by a poor woman who was picking shellfish on the strand. The jewelry which he worew hen the sad accident occurred was all found on the body, including a gold watch and chain, three valuable rings, breast pin; even his shirt studs remained in his waistcoat pocket, where he had placed them on entering the boat. These relics of the deceased were safely restored to his family—a fact creditable to the poor crea-

ture who found the body, and to those who continued with it until delivered over to Mr. James Slattery, who identified the body at five o'clock that evening. The remains having been placed in a coffin were removed to Passage, and from thence to Waterford, and interred in the Friends' Burial Ground, near the Manor.—*News.*

Since the 1st inst. the steamers between Waterford and Milford Haven ply daily and carry mails. Clonmel by 2 P. M. train can reach London at 11.10, A. M., next morning; and the Company have opened a wide field for the excursionists, by the issue during the summer of return. The daily steamer was called for, it is satisfactory to know, by the inability of the tri-weekly boats to accomplish the immense traffic which the opening of the line has devolved.—*Ibid.*

Westmeath.

The *Independent* gives the following account of an attempt to assassinate Lord Castlemaine: "In the town of Athlone an attempt was made on the life of Lord Castlemaine by a man named Michael Kelly, a pensioner, under the following circumstances: Between four and five o'clock Lord Castlemaine, in company with Dr. Brodie, was passing through Church street, on his way to Rourke's Hotel, when, opposite Mr. Maxwell's establishment, Kelly rushed at him, and attempted to strike him with a large knife. Castlemaine warded off the blow by raising his stick, and knocked the knife from the fellow's hand. Kelly attempted to regain possession of it, but was prevented from doing so by Dr. Brodie, who seized him by the arm and held him until taken into custody by the police. In appearance the prisoner is a strong, able-bodied man. Some time since he was a tenant of a small house, the property of Lord Castlemaine, from which he was dispossessed for non-payment of rent, since which he has been heard to use very strong laaguage in reference to his lordship. The knife is a most formidable weapon, the blade about ten inches long, and had been purchased but an hour or two previously.

The Midland Great Western Railway Company have sent a donation of £20 to the Athlone races, which came off on the 8th June.

Wexford.

The son of Mr. Moses Rochford, of Kilmannan, accompanied by a young lad, the servant boy, went with a gun into a field newly sown with green crops to frighten away birds. Not finding any, he gave the gun to the boy to take home, and proceeded himself to hear Mass at Clearystown chapel. The boy, proud of having the handling of a gun, was directing it at every object which attracted his notice as he returned, and when he arrived home he found the servant girl and his employer's two daughters engaged in milking the cows. He said to the girl he would shoot her, and raised the gun in sport—but she ran away laughing, and he turned, with the gun at his shoulder, as if following her, when he staggered, and the gun went off, unfortunately lodging part of the contents in the head and shoulders of Mr. Rochford's two daughters, who had taken no notice of what the boy said to the servant girl. The young women are not, however, in any immediate danger.

Whilst Bell's circus was in Enniscorthy lately, a young man, named Askins, went so close to the powerful bear that belongs to the company as to tempt Bruen to take him into his embraces, who would have hugged him to death, only for Seargeant Blackwell, who vigorously wrestled with the formidable quadruped, and rescued poor Askins.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, Henry Fisher, Esq., to Frances Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert Richardson, Esq., of that city.

June 8, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rathmines, Henry O'Connell Fitzsimon, Esq., son of the late Christopher Fitzsimon, Esq. of Glasculleen, county Dublin, and grandson of Daniel O'Connell, to Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Lawrence Cuffe, Esq., of Rathmines.

At Lougford Church, John Kennedy, Esq., of the Bank of Ireland Office, to Marianne M. Williamson, daughter of the late William A. Williamson, Esq., of Lougford.

At Killyman Church, John, son of the late John M'Clelland, Esq., of Milltown House, Dungannon, to Nannie, daughter of the late Edward Lyons, Esq., formerly of Newry.

June 1, at Garvagh, Wm. Morrow, Dromore, near Newtownlimavady, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Wm. Glen, Craigmore, Garvagh.

At Cork, on the 31 June, Robert John O'Shaughnessy, Esq., of Camden quay, Cork, to Annie Gertrude, daughter of Robert Bally, of the South Mall.

On the 2d instant, at Broadford Church, English, son of the late John Phillips, Esq., Bushfield county Tipperary, to Mary Henrietta, daughter of the late Wm. Beatley, Esq., of Harleton, county Clare.

June 3, at Cahirnary Church, Roger H. Shine, of Camass park, county Tipperary, to Marianne, daughter of James Shine, Esq., of Ballymacerese, co. Limerick.

At Wexford, Jasper W., son of John Walshe, Esq., J. P., to Mary Teresa, daughter of Francis Harper, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 3d June, at Julianstown, county Meath, Mr. Francis Balfe.

May 25, Belinda, daughter of the late Edward Brady, Esq., Navan.

May 31, at an advanced age, Mr. John Callaghan, of Dregneca.

On the 2d June, at Murillon, near Toulon, Annie, daughter of the late Tristram Cary, Esq., of Whitecastle, county Donegal.

June 3, John Cuddehy, Esq., aged 62 years, formerly of Hughestown, county Kildare.

June 5, of consumption, aged 24 years, Mrs. Thomas Patrick Cullen.

At Cahir, John Cusack, Esq.

On the 5th June near Dublin, Charlotte Emma, daughter of Daniel Desmond, Esq.

On the 6th inst., at Bandon, county Cork, Denis Falvey, jun., C. E.

June 7, in Mungret street, Limerick, Mrs. Catherine Fitzgerald.

At Wicklow, Miss Heather Halbert, sister to the late Captain Halbert, of Kelmullen, in that county, in the 86th year of her age.

At Springvale, near Castleknock, Mrs. Greer, wife of Samuel M'Curdy Greer, Esq., M.P.

June 4, of fever, at George's street, Limerick, Mr. Edward Grubb, aged 36 years.

At Orchardstown, county Tipperary, Ellena, relict of General Hamerton, C. B.

At Crossmore, Mrs. Hanna, aged 80 years, mother to the Rev. Hugh Hanna, P.P., of Bryansford, county Down.

June 7, at Malahide road, Clontarf, Henry Hughes, Esq., in his 42d year.

At Hampstead Hall, Derry, Louisa, daughter of the late Wm. Kerr M'Clintock, Esq.

June 7, at his brother's residence, Chapelizod, Chas. Maguire, Esq.

February 5, at his residence, Gawler Town South Australia, David Mahony, Esq., M.D., formerly of Kenmare, county Kerry.

June 2, Annie, daughter of Edward Markey, Esq., of Grange, county Meath.

June 2, at Newtown, Moate, Richard O'Donnell Nugent, Esq., son of the late James Count Nugent, of Ballinlor, county Westmeath.

June 6, at his residence, Glenarm, Thomas Palmer, Esq., aged 64.

On the 7th June, at Dublin, in the 64th year of her age, Miss Alicia Price, of bronchitis.

At Charlemont Mall, Anne, relict of James Robinson, Esq., of Priesthouse.

At Drumbrain Cottage, county Monaghan, the Rev. Richard Ross, aged 75.

June 3, in Tralee, Captain James Aaron Roy, for many years barrack master in Tralee.

June 5, at Nellstown, Clondalkin, Mr. James Singleton, in his 68th year.

At Trim, county Meath, Thomas Wm. Smart, Esq., Solicitor, in his 36th year.

June 4, at his residence, Lisburn, Robert Stewart, Esq., aged 75 years.

At Moynalvy, county Meath, Mrs. Sarah Tucker, widow of Captain Tucker, Peterville House.

June 6, after a few days' illness, of pleurisy, in the town of Galway, Nichola, wife of Andrew Veitch, Esq., M.D.

At Clontarf, Fanny, daughter of the late Joseph Wilson, Esq., of Drumcondra terrace.

On the 2d June at the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork, Johanna Young, sister of the late Mrs. Ursula Young, authoress of "The History of the United Kingdom."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Catholic Affairs in Clonmel.—The recent forcible *expose* made by the venerated Lord Bishop of Waterford, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, respecting the danger of allowing Catholic children to frequent certain schools in this district, which ignores the right of the Pastors of the Church to inspect their management, has already had a beneficial effect, and not only have parents moving in a more humble sphere signified a dutiful docility in the way, but those of the more wealthy classes have given substantial guidance of their determination to carry into effect the Reverend Prelate's most salutary advice. The result has been a large increase in the vast array of pupils under the fostering care of the Christian Brothers.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

The Rev. Dr. O'Brien arrived from Ardfinan, and examined the children on Saturday. Confirmation was administered to upwards of 174 persons, amongst whom were about 60 adults and a few converts. The clergymen present were Rev. Mr. McGrath, P. P.; Rev. W. Cantwell, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Byrne, C. C.; Rev. Mr. Finn, C. C.; Rev. P. Wallace, C. C.; Rev. Mr. Burke, C. C.; and other gentlemen whose names I cannot ascertain. The Rev. R. Sleaden celebrated the Solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost, and at its conclusion the Rev. M. Maxcy ascended the pulpit and delivered a most eloquent discourse. His Lordship then ascended the High Altar, and complimented the pastor on the moral and religious state of the parish, regretting very much the want, in such a large town as Cahir, the Christian Brothers or Sisters of Charity, and expressing a hope that the parishioners would co-operate with the parish priest in introducing them.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The Very Rev. T. MacHale, D.D., Professor, Irish College, Paris, has arrived in Tuam on a visit to his Grace the Archbishop. His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by the Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, D.D., and the Rev. J. Waldren, R.C.C., left Tuam for his visitation tour in Connemara.

The Rev. J. Tracy and the Rev. Albino Magno are at present in Clonmel collecting funds for the support of Catholicity in Pittsburg, America. We are glad to learn that they have up to this been favorably received by those on whom they waited.

On Saturday morning, 29th May, the Rev. Michael Terry, Ballinacourty, Dungarvan, was ordained Priest in the Catholic Cathedral of this city, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

The foundation stone of the new church of St. Alphonsus, Limerick, was laid by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, assisted by a number of his clergy, and in the presence of an immense and highly edified congregation.

A conference of the clergy of the deanery of Tuam was held in that town. His Grace the Archbishop, who arrived from Mayo, was present on the occasion.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, has proceeded on most urgent and important business to Paris.

Domestic.

Visitation.—The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in St. Matthew's, Washington, on Sunday last, after the Mass of the Most Rev. Archbishop, to about seventy persons. Above two hundred were confirmed at 10 o'clock, A.M., in St. Patrick's. The Archbishop preached at late Mass on the blessing granted to the ministry of Peter. Nineteen young ladies were confirmed on Monday, Feast of St. Aloysius, after Mass by the Archbishop, in the Convent Chapel, Washington. Twenty-two, principally youths, were confirmed on the same morning in the Chapel of the Gonzaga Seminary. Of those confirmed, six were converts. Thirty students of Georgetown College were confirmed after the Archbishop's Mass, in the College Chapel, on Tuesday, 22d June. Above one hundred and fifty were confirmed in Trinity Church, Georgetown, on the same day, at 7 1 2 o'clock, A M. Nearly twenty young ladies were confirmed at 9 o'clock the same day, in the Convent Chapel.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

The Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty sent to Rome, towards the close of last year, the resignation of his office of Commissary General of the St. Augustinian Order. This resignation has at length been accepted, and by letters recently arrived the Very Rev. P. Stanton has been appointed successor to Dr. Moriarty. We wish the new incumbent all success.—*Ibid.*

St. Ann's New Church.—Our readers doubtless remember that we gave a notice of the laying of the corner stone of this Church, by the Jesuit Fathers, on the land generously donated by S. V. R Watson, Esq; the first stone was laid March 25, and a fine brick church is now completed and was opened (Sunday) at half-past nine o'clock, A. M.—Very Rev. F. Krautbauer officiating at High Mass. The rapidity with which this large and commodious church has been erected is highly creditable to our German friends, and proves that they are always ready to give their time and money to forward religion and erect temples to honor and serve their great Master.—*Buffalo Sentinel.*

The Fair at Kremlin Hall for the benefit of the Immaculate Conception Church closed on Monday evening. The Ladies in charge deserve great credit for the manner in which they carried out the work. "The Emerald Brass Band" was in attendance and contributed greatly to the pleasure and profit of the occasion.—*Ibid.*

Confirmation.—The Right Rev. Bishop Wood administered the Sacrament of Confirmation Sunday, 20th ult., in St. Vincent's Church, Germantown. The number of those who were confirmed was 94; of this number nearly one half were adult persons, among whom there were many converts to our Holy Faith The church was too small to accommodate the large concourse of people, both Catholics and Protestants, who wished to obtain admittance.—*Philadelphia Herald and Visitor.*

Address to His Lordship Bishop de Charbonnel.—On Sunday, the 12th June immediately after High Mass, a deputation from the congregation of St. Mary's waited upon his Lordship Bishop de Charbonnel, and presented him with an address. At the conclusion of the address, his Lordship replied briefly, thanking the deputation for their kindness, and retired amidst the prayers of the devout and truly pious parishioners of St. Mary's.—*Toronto Catholic Citizen.*

First Communion.—On Sunday, June 20th, the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., gave First Communion to over 120 children, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Right Rev. Prelate made a very feeling address to the children before administering the Most Holy Sacrament. In the afternoon they all made a solemn renovation of their Baptismal Vows, at which the Very Rev. E. M'Mahon, V. G., presided.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

Diocese of Fort Wayne—Ordination.—On Pentecost Sunday, at the Cathedral of Fort Wayne, Rev. Balthasar Rachor, for the last three years a student of St. Vincent's, near Latrobe, was ordained Sub-Deacon. On Saturday, 5th June, the same reverend gentleman received the order of Deaconship, and on the following Sunday he was advanced to the Priesthood. He will be stationed at Turkey Creek, Lake County.—*Guardian.*

The nett proceeds of the late fair at Armory Hall, New Orleans, says the *Standard*, amounted to the handsome sum of $2,440.

Bishop Verot reached his destination, St. Augustine, Florida, on the 1st day of June, and was received with the warmest welcome by Catholics of every grade in the city.

The Rev. Mr. Duggan, who spent several weeks in Baltimore and Washington collecting for a church in Ireland, left Baltimore a few days since for the north.

The Rev. Sebastian Augagneur was ordained Priest on the 29th May, by Bishop Oden, in Galveston, Texas.

The Rev. Michael O Reilly, recently of Cumberland, has received the appointment of Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Canton.

CITY NEWS.

Indicting a Judge.—City Judge Russell has been indicted by the Grand Jury on a charge of assault and battery with intent to incite a riot. This is a grave charge in any instance, but more particularly in that of a person occupying so onerous a position as the one occupied by Judge Russell. The Judge's reputation has been going down very steadily since his elevation to office. Greatness sits clumsily on him, and evidently seems to be ill at ease. People's confidence in his regard suffered the first shock on the occasion of his sending an unfortunate prisoner to Sing Sing for a term of forty years, on account of the perpetration of a trifling offence, at the same time that he shut his eyes and refused to take cognizance of crimes forty times more reprehensible, when committed by others who could spend money and had a party at their backs. By-the-way would it not be well some competent persons made it their business to bring this unfortunate criminal's case, as well as the peculiar harshness with which he was treated, under the notice of the State Executive, with a view of restricting the term of his imprisonment to three or five years, the usual time, we believe, imposed on persons guilty of offences such as his. Certainly, there is no necessity the *fiat* of this rowdy Judge should remain fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We do not object to see evil doers meet with their deserts, but we do object, most emphatically, against treating even convicted criminals with unnecessary or unjust severity.

About Immigrants.—Looking over the last report of the Commissioners of Emigration, we find that from the 1st of January, 1838, to the 23d of June, in the same year, the arrivals at this port amounted to 30,450 persons only, while in the corresponding period of 1857 the arrivals amounted to 81,609. The present is certainly a most unpropitious season for attempting to better one's condition by coming to America. There are more persons here already—native as well as adopted—than can procure sufficient employment. In New York, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities, south and west, thousands of industrious tradesmen and laborers are to be met with in the most destitute condition, men who are both able and willing to work, and expect no compensation beyond what is derived from honest industry. We would, therefore, entreat of our Irish cotemporaries to discourage emigration for the present, and to lay the above facts before their readers. And yet the present commercial embarrassment is of a most peculiar nature and not very easily explained. There is sufficient money in the country and in the banks, yet capitalists will not invest. Provisions are plenty and can be procured at reasonable prices, and yet, despite those two great and favorable features, business is stagnant and speculation at a stand still. Under these circumstances, therefore, we cannot regret, but rather rejoice at the present falling off of immigration.

A Police Parade.—The Metropolitan Police force of the cities of New York and Brooklyn turned out on Wednesday, the 23d ult., and perambulated the streets of their respective cities. The New York force mustered 616 men, and were reviewed in front of the City Hall. General Nye was on hand, and his gyrations and *imposing* appearance are thus described by an intelligent and witty writer in the N. Y. *Daily News*: "While the force was passing in review, Gen. Nye retreated among the crowd in the rear, and got himself into a tremendous sweat by applauding each company as it passed before Governor King. The day was extremely hot, but notwithstanding this, Gen. Nye did not desist from clapping, and when his favorite men passed by—those, it is presumed, who were most zealous in procuring for him that splendid house and lot—his countenance lighted up benignantly and he clapped the louder still. Several of the Commissioners complimented the men highly, and General Nye in particular thought they looked "very fine." The parade elicited little or no attention, and consequently but few spectators were present.

The Meat Market.—More Beef was offered for sale last market than on any previous market day within the past year and a half. This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the hot weather, had the effect of bringing down rates, and accordingly prices ranged from 7 to 9 cents a pound.

The Weather.—The latter portion of the past week was intensely hot. On Friday the Thermometer marked 97 degrees in the shade, Fahrenheit. Saturday was equally hot. Several working men were prostrated by the heat, and had to be taken to their homes.

Celebration of the Fourth.—The Joint Committee on the preparations for the celebration of the Fourth of July have voted $250 to the Veterans of the war of 1812, under Colonel Raymond.

The remains of President Monroe are shortly to be removed from their present resting-place in Second street Cemetery, in this city, for the purpose of being carried to Richmond, Virginia, for final interment. Several meetings have taken place with regard to the matter, and many distinguished Virginians are in town. Friday, the 2d July, has been fixed upon for the exhumation of the bones of the once renowned President. They have lain in Second street since the 7th of July, 1831. The Seventh Regiment will accompany the remains to Richmond.

Jonathan Miller, an old and respectable member of the Bar, died within the past week. A meeting of lawyers was held on Friday for the purpose of expressing their high appreciation of the eminent qualities of the deceased as a lawyer, a scholar, and a man. Ex-Judge Edmonds presided.

Two boys, aged respectively 16 and 13 years, were drowned recently while bathing at the foot of Fifty-first street, North River. They were both unable to swim, but injudiciously ventured into the water beyond their depth. The bodies were recovered and an inquest held.

The Academy of Music closed for the season on Friday last. The past season has been most disastrous to the theatrical managers.

The widow of Governor Marcy and Miss Marcy were among the passengers to Europe from this port, by the *Arago*, on Saturday last.

It is rumored that Judge Rosevelt of this city is to be sent as Ambassador to England in place of Mr. Dallas.

The first mad dog of the season was killed in Broadway on the 21st ult.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

SATAN AND THE REVOLUTIONISTS.—The following is a portion of an extract given in French in the *Armonia*, an Italian paper, from Proudhon's recent work. So awfully impious and so fraught with blasphemy is this production that the Italian editor has not the courage to translate it into his language: "Come, Satan, come, the calumniated of the priests and kings, that I may embrace thee, that I may clasp thee to my bosom! Long have I known thee, and thou me. Thy works, oh, blessed of my heart, are not always beautiful and good; but they alone give to the universe a signification, and save it from becoming an absurdity. Without thee what would justice be; an instinct, reason? a routine; man? a beast. Thou alone, too, makest labor fruitful; thou ennoblest riches; thou givest countenance to authority; thou puttest the seal to virtue. Hope yet, proscribed one! I have at thy service only a pen; but it is worth millions of bulletins. And I make a vow never to lay it aside until those days have come again of which the poet has sung

'Ah, restore to me my childhood's days,
Goddess of Liberty!'

Proudhon is one of the extreme revolutionary party in France, and has just been sentenced to fine and imprisonment for his blasphemous book."

A letter from Marseilles says that several pieces of artillery had been forwarded that day from the arsenal there for the defence of the Gulf of Ciotat and the small port of Cassis. Paixhan guns of thirty centimetres and howitzers of twenty-two centimetres are to be placed on the Chateau of Cassis, the Croat fort Berouard, at the battery of Maletas La Lecque, and other places on the coast. All these batteries, which have been unarmed since the year 1815, are now being repaired. Two batteries are likewise about to be erected on the pier of the new Napoleon Dock at Marseilles. These batteries are intended to produce a cross fire with the guns of Pinede de Croix, so as to protect the entrance of the several ports on the coast. Captain Auzet, of the Engineers, had prepared a plan to be presented to the Emperor, for the complete defence of the port of Marseilles, which, it may be recollected, was entered by Captain Usher, commanding the frigate Undaunted, in February, 1814, in spite of the old forts.

At the Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police, fourteen men were tried for having formed a secret political society for the assassination of the Emperor and the overthrow of the government. It was proved, and not denied by some of the accused, that the society existed; that it was in communication with refugees in London; and that its intention was to make an attempt to kill the Emperor and create insurrection in the early part of March. The best mode of assassinating the Emperor had been discussed in the society, and the conclusion come to was that his Majesty's carriage should be stopped when he was out driving, and that then he should be attacked and killed. Three of the accused were acquitted, and the rest condemned to fines of from £5 to £15, and to periods of imprisonment varying from one month to eighteen months, besides five years' interdiction of civil rights. The accused were all, with one exception, workmen.

The Lyons papers give an account of the ceremony of degrading Lieutenant de Mercy, who had been tried by court-martial, and found guilty of the murder of one of his officers, but whose sentence has been commuted to transportation. The ceremony of degradation was performed in the public square in presence of the troops of the garrison, and in front of his own regiment, the officer commanding saying: "Louis Charles Edouard de Mercy, you are unworthy of serving in the French army. In the name of the Emperor I degrade you." The senior sergeant then proceeded to remove his military cap, the gold lace from his coat, his epaulets, the buttons from his tunic, and, drawing his sword, broke it into pieces, and flung the fragments on the ground. The troops then marched past the prisoner, who was afterwards conducted under a guard to the civil prison.

The trial of the Socialist, Proudhon, for the publication of an immoral work, entitled "Justice in the Revolution and in the Church," and for having published a pamphlet called "A Petition to the Senate," without having deposited a copy of it with the Attorney-General, according to the new law, has been concluded. The court sentenced Proudhon to imprisonment for three years and to pay a fine of 4,000f. M. Garnier, the editor, was sentenced to imprisonment for one month, and a fine of 1,000f.; M. Bourdier, the printer of "Justice in the Revolution and in the Church," to imprisonment for fifteen days and a fine of 1,000f.; and M. Bry, the printer of the "Petition to the Senate, to imprisonment for fifteen days and a fine of 100f.

M. Brizeaux, who some years ago was considered one of the most brilliant poets of modern France, but whose popularity subsequently declined greatly, has died at Montpellier. He was a native of Brittanny, and his principal works, "Marie," "Les Bretons" and "Primel et Nola," were written to celebrate the savage beauties of his native province, and the virtues of its people. He passed all his life in poverty and died in distress,

An order has been issued directing the French imperial postillions to wear ear-rings, after the fashion under the "ancient regime."

A Frenchman, named Legendre, is to be tried by the Correctional Tribunal of Boulogne, on a charge of conspiracy. He was arrested in March last, and in the folds of his cravat there were found two copies of a "Letter to the Parliament and the Press," signed by the revolutionary committee, Felix Pyat, Bessor, and Tallendier. Legendre had been travelling about in France for two or three years, his ostensible business being to obtain orders for "patent hygienic horse-bits." It is rumored that he has made important revelations touching a new attempt on the Emperor's life which was to have been made in June. He himself, it is said, was asked to take charge of a fulminating bomb.

By letters recently received from Constantinople, we are happy to learn that the French caravan have arrived safely and in good health in that city, after having accomplished the pilgrimage to the holy places of Palestine, and made a prolonged tour through Egypt, Syria, and Greece. Among them we notice the name of our countryman, the Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, P.P., of the archdiocese of Cashel. He is, perhaps, the only Priest of Cashel who visited the Holy Places for many a century past.

Fanny Cerito has just performed a *pas de phaeton* with complete success. In the Avenue de la Reine her equipage and horses dashed along, pitching the coachman from his box, and smashing all before him. The *danseuse* was whirled into a centrifugal orbit, and alighted some dozen paces from her vehicle, without the fracture of a limb. This time an *encore* of the step was not desirable.

It is said that a confidential circular has been addressed to the Prefects of Departments in France, commanding them to watch and punish with severity the inventors and propagators of false news; on which the correspondent of the London *Times* says there must always be false news where there does not exist anything resembling a free press.

One of the largest shops in Paris, the Grand Conde, in the Rue de Seine, has been completely destroyed by fire. The book-keeper was seriously injured in endeavoring to save the books; one man had his thigh broken, and a dozen others were more or less injured. The loss is immense. The fire is attributed to an explosion of gas.

It is stated that M. Theirs is about to write his memoirs; but instead of being so voluminous as those of M. Guizot, they will be comprised in a single volume, and will bear the title of "Simple Notes."

The *Patrie* announces that M. de Lamertine's saddle horses were sold at St. Point, and that the furniture of his chateau of Monceau is shortly to be sold to satisfy one of his creditors.

M. de Pene, the victim of the late duel, is still alive, and, it is said, may recover. He has been permitted to see his friends and relatives.

The weather in Paris is exceedingly hot, with a dry east wind, and which has injurious effect on the crops in the neighborhood.

It is reported in Paris, though on doubtful authority, that the Count de Paris has issued a manifesto.

The *Independance Belge*, since its exclusion from France, is said to have become the organ of Orleanism.

ENGLAND.

MEETING IN LONDON.—A meeting in aid of the Donegal Fund was held at the Westminster Catholic School-rooms. Mr. Tucker occupied the chair in the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Father Corry, who sent a subscription and a letter of sympathy. The Chairman said that although he was an Englishman he felt for Donegal as deeply as any one could, and begged of all to contribute. The meeting was addressed by Mr. James Burke, Mr. O'Mahony, and Mr. Moran. Several persons expressed the wish that a second meeting should be held in the same place, as some willing to aid had not received sufficient notice, and the meeting was adjourned.

A CITATION AND A CLERICAL DINNER.—The Archdeacon of Bristol has just issued a citation of the clergy, ordering them to meet him at a visitation for the purpose of transacting the ordinary ecclesiastical business, and of hearing a charge from him on the subject of their clerical duties, and generally on the state of the Church. Appended to the citation is an intimation that after this solemn proceeding the Archdeacon will meet at dinner, "the charge for which will be five shillings, including beer, half a pint of wine, and waiters." The unusual addendum to the citation has created much amusement amongst the clergy.

ENGLISH CIVILIZATION—PRIZE FIGHT BY WOMEN.—Two women (Ann Smith and Rachael Gough) were discovered in the Pottery fields, near Liverpool, fighting after the most approved fashion of professional pugilists. Their "Fancy men" were acting as seconds. The affair, it appeared, had been got up by the men in question, who had been wagering as to the fighting properties and merits of their respective inamorates. The women were brought before the local magistrates, and each committed to prison for a month. [If this only occurred in Ireland we should be treated to a leader in the *Times*, on "Irish brutality," "Savage barbarity," &c.]

ILLNESS OF LADY MORGAN.—We regret to learn that Sydney Lady Morgan, the celebrated authoress, is at present suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, at her house, William street, Lowndes square, which, from her advanced age, causes anxiety to her numerous friends.

The Funeral of Dr. Queval, one of the French refugees of the 2nd of December, took place in Paddington Cemetery, London, and was attended by a numerous body of his fellow exiles, who were addressed by M. E. Coutart, M. Taffery and M. Louis Blanc. The latter gentleman mentioned the late elections of opposition candidates in France, and the presence of the son of M. Baroche at the obsequies of the Duchess of Orleans, as cheering signs of the awakening of his country, and said that the imperial government, having lapsed into the despotism of the Cæsars, was now abandoned by all that is thoughtful, honorable, and generous in the country. With brightening prospects before them he recommended the Republican party to win public confidence by moderation in language and conduct, and, waiving all minor differences of opinion, to unite on the common ground of the republic, in order to be able to take advantage of the changes which must inevitably take place in the government of France.

The House of Lords, sitting as a Committee of Privileges, gave judgment in "the great Shrewsbury case." There were several claimants to the title or Earl of Shrewsbury, but all except Earl Talbot had withdrawn. Lord Cranworth, and after him Lord St. Leonards, Lord Brougham, and Lord Wensleydale, concurred in deciding that Earl Talbot was the nearest male descendant of the first Earl, and therefore entitled to the title and dignity of Earl Shrewsbury. This decision does not carry with it any property. Very large estates were secured to the title by the Act of Settlement of 1719. The Earl, considering that he had a right to dispose of those estates, had made the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk his devisee. But the house was not called upon to decide to whom the estates belonged.—*Spectator.*

An auctioneer, named Henry George Hill, was recently tried at the Sheffield Sessions for stealing 1,000 knives. When the jury came back to give their verdict it was discovered that the foreman was very deaf, and had not heard the whole of the evidence. After some conversation the deaf juryman was discharged, and another sworn in his stead, when the prisoner's counsel objected to his being tried again, and gave notice of appeal. The evidence was then repeated, the prisoner found guilty of receiving the goods knowing them to be stolen, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, judgment being respited till the appeal has been made.

A Jewish witness, summoned to the Insolvent Debtors' Court on a Saturday, declined to give evidence on his Sabbath. Commissioner Phillips respected his scruple, and adjourned the case till Monday.

The State prosecution against Truelove, a Polish bookseller, for libel on the life of the Emperor, is fixed for the 18th June before Lord Campbell, in the Court of Queen's Bench.

Mr. Charles P. Melly, a young merchant of Liverpool, has recently presented a playground to the people of that town. It is situated in the suburbs, and is fitted up as a gymnasium.

SPAIN.

A letter from Madrid states that the intense heat of the weather had caused a fearful advance in the price of corn and bread. The bakers having intimated that it was their intention to increase a second time the price of the loaf, the municipal authorities intimated their displeasure. The bakers having disregarded the municipal remonstrances, the authorities waxed wroth, and avenged themselves on the bakers by establishing a public granary, wherein grain is to be stored up, that the people may never suffer from the fluctuations in the price of corn. All the corn which arrives in Madrid is to be stored up in this granary, and is to be sold by an officer appointed by the government; but this measure, despite its apparent appropriateness, has been followed by a rise of six reals in the price of wheat. Later intelligence says it is now certain that the liberty of importing corn will be continued to the end of the present year.

The Madrid journals of the 31st ult. state that the Queen was much pleased with her enthusiastic reception at Valencia. Among other things, flowers were strewed before her, and pigeons fastened with silken cords were made to fly above her Majesty. After attending Divine Service in the chapel of the Virgin of Los Desamparados, the Queen, in passing through the crowd which had assembled, lifted up the little Prince of the Asturias three times in her arms to show him to the people, and as she did so loud cries of "Long live the Queen and the Prince of the Asturias!" were raised.

A despatch from Madrid, dated the 7th June, states that at Valladolid prayers had been offered for rain. A royal decree authorizes the importation of wheat up to the end of December.

AUSTRIA.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* directs attention to the east coast of the Adriatic, in consequence of symptoms which induce him to fear that extremely serious complications will arise out of the Montenegrin question: "The French government (says the writer) is greatly exasperated against Turkey and Austria, and the sending of ships of the line to the Adriatic is a demonstration against both powers. Almost all the Austrian vessels of war are now in some port where they are protected by land batteries, and the screw sloop Frederic, which was to have gone from Alexandria to Naples, has received orders to return home without delay. No trepidation is observable here, and there are no unusual armaments, but it is evident that the Austrian government is on its guard. The recruits raised in March were enrolled and are already being drilled. Everything connected with the army is kept as secret as possible, but still it is known to me that 600,000 men can be in the field in one month, and 750,000 in seven or eight weeks. The concentration of troops in Russian Poland must be considered a kind of demonstration against Austria, but the latter remains passive, as she can, by means of the railroads, reinforce her army in Gallicia in a very short time.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* says there can be no doubt that Austria is drifting into a war with France. The Archduke John, uncle to the Emperor of Austria, is about to visit Belgium, with a view, it is said, of applying his engineering capability to rendering Antwerp a great stronghold, on the plan of the fortresses of Verona and Alessandria. The Duke of Brabant is also engaged in a scientific examination of all the Prussian fortresses on the Rhine. The late demonstration of French ships of war in the Adriatic is spoken of in no friendly terms in the Austrian journals.

RUSSIA.

The nobility of the Taurida and of Chersom have obtained permission to form committees for the emancipation of the serfs. The Emperor Alexander has, by an ukase, fixed the form in which deeds of sale of lands occupied by peasants are to be drawn up. The form to be adopted for these deeds is remarkable from the facts that peasants are not spoken of as serfs, or as attached to the glebe, but as the permanent population of the land.

A company has been formed in shares in St. Petersburg, with a capital of 1,000,000 silver roubles, under the title of "Trans-Caspian Company," to carry on commerce with Persia and Central Asia.

INDIA.

A letter from Dr. Duff gives a *resume* of the state of affairs in North West and Central India, which, as regards the present or the future, is anything but re-assuring. He apprehends a guerilla or Pindarri war on an extensive scale, and cites various instances to prove that things are by no means so far advanced towards a "stamping out" of the mutiny as some at home would fain believe. Thus the Delhi *Gazette*, certainly not edited by an alarmist, suggests doubts as to the safety of Agra. "Around Delhi," says an able correspondent, "our difficulty is want of force; reliable levies cannot be created in an hour, and we cannot get troops just yet. Futtephore is threatened ever and anon from Calpi; the river from Cawnpore to Futteghur is lined with bands of insurgents, watching an opportunity to cross. In Rohilcund we have not the semblance of authority. At Lucknow—though now fallen into our hands—it is most dangerous to enter the city; every officer caught straying is shot at behind walls; there a woman shot down one of the lancers, who was not molesting her, but simply passed the spot where she happened to be standing; she shot the man in the back; and what is most significant of all, the country people bring in no provisions. The reports from Behar are not encouraging. The magistrates order Sepoys to be arrested—the villagers defend them. Everywhere, in short, except in some favored districts like Ghazepore, where the tiger has had no taste of blood, there remains necessity for force." This (resumes Dr. Duff) is certainly a very unflattering, very unpromising picture. And yet no unprejudiced man who has really studied the subject can aver that it is, in any way, overdrawn or exaggerated. Nor have the natives generally as yet abandoned all hope of seeing the hated "Feringhi" driven from the country, who are now in arms against them. Many of them fondly cherish the belief that there are now in India as many European regiments as England could supply; and that, however successful against the rebel forces during the cold season, they must succumb under the smiting influences of our summer heat. Indeed, they have been heard already talking of another general rise, during the month of May; and Musselmen and Hindoo beggars are creditably affirmed to be now going about, and trying to excite numbers of the citizens and villagers who are at present quiet.

The London *Times* has a letter from its correspondent, who has marched with the headquarters from Cawnpore to Futteghur. From this place the troops were set out for the Rohilcund campaign. On April 27 the thermometer stood at 114 deg.; the heat intense. The special correspondent says: "During the latter days of April two reverses were experienced by our arms—one in Oude, the other in Behar. In each case the loss of *prestige* was greater than the loss of officers and men, yet that was far from inconsiderable. In each it would seem that the disaster arose from an undue contempt of the enemy's numbers and defences. Oude is still in rebellion, and each British column in its march through the country, if its course be ever so unopposed, does but part for an instant the sea of disaffection, which closes again fast upon its rear. Even in the Doab stray bands of mutinied Sepoys have made their presence felt; while in Bundelcund, spite of the successes of Rose and Whitlock, the rebels are, as a friend writes to me in a letter just received, 'getting very active and troublesome' in the rear of the victorious columns."

Emigration is still rife in Germany. From Hanover a colony is about to settle in Hungary. From West Saxony a swarm has passed through Prague *en route* from the same land of Magyar.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Meeting in Philadelphia in Favor of Protection.—The Philadelphia papers contain a report of the proceedings of a mass meeting at National Hall, in that city, on the evening of the 15th ult. It was largely attended, and is described as enthusiastic in favor of protection to home labor. Henry C. Carey, Esq., presided at the meeting, and there were seventy-six vice-presidents and secretaries selected from the mechanics and workingmen of the city. Referring to those eras in the past history of the country when prosperity followed measures for the protection of national industry, when Clay, Webster, Clayton, and others insisted on the great truth that prosperity to the State was to be obtained only by means of measures which transferred the workshops from the soil of Europe to our own, the meeting determined to render their views practical by the adoption of the following amongst other resolutions: Resolved, That it is the determination of this meeting to labor for the restoration of the system so long and so ably advocated by those great men—that system which gave to the country the universal prosperity which existed here in the closing years of the tariffs of 1828 and 1842. Resolved, That in a change of policy we see the only course through which our political system may be preserved, the experience of all nations proving that protection to the people is in fact protection to the Government itself. Resolved, That it is our fixed determination, at all future elections, to give our votes to such candidates, and such only, as shall prove themselves prepared to give their aid to measures looking to securing to the American laborer a market for his labor. Thanks were tendered to the Hon. Simon Cameron and the Hon. E. Joy Morris and to other members of Congress who have advocated the cause for which the meeting had assembled. Protection to American industry is to be made one of the leading issues at the election in October next for members of Congress in Pennsylvania.

The Seminoles in New Orleans.—The editor of a Philadelphia paper thus describes the appearance of the renowned Seminole chief, Billy Bowlegs, and his body of warriors, who were lately stopping in New Orleans: "We found him in the parade ground, surrounded by a rowdy group from the city, to whom he was exhibiting his principal brave, a gigantic fellow of some six feet six, who rejoices in the cognomen of 'John Pigtail.' Billy is of middle stature, athletic, and moves with majestic tread. He speaks English well, is quick and shrewd, has an eagle eye, but is somewhat profane. One of my friends rebuked him for his profanity, and told him the Great Spirit would be angry with him. 'Hah!' said the savage, 'you don't scare me!' 'General Harney scared you,' said some one in the crowd. 'Harney? Harney?' he replied, with a sneer and a look of extreme contempt; 'Harney? Throw him into the river!' Billy's costume was somewhat scanty, consisting as it did of a gingham shirt and a pair of moccasins; and some of his great strapping warriors were strutting about in the shirt without the moccasins. One of them, that we afterwards met returning from the city, had on a frock coat and cap, and nothing else. The women were quiet, subdued looking creatures, most of them busily at work sewing or embroidering. The men all told, I believe, number only about one hundred, and yet this little handful of warriors by their familiarity with their native hammocks, and their indomitable courage, have kept our army at bay for some eighteen years, and cost our government, I suppose, millions of money, and at last have been removed only by a price. They are now following their brethren in the retreat before the fatal white man's aggressions, to share the inevitable extermination which seems to be the doom of this mysterious people.

Salmon.—This delicious fish which was once so abundant, has now become nearly extinct in the waters of the Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Formerly so plentiful in the waters of the Connecticut that indentured servants stipulated that they should not have salmon only so many times a week, it is a rare circumstance that a salmon now finds his way into the Connecticut or the Hudson. Their numbers are also diminishing in Maine. Within the recollection of persons now living, salmon were so abundant in the Penobscot that in some places they could be taken by the boat load, with a dip net. Their numbers have now greatly decreased, and it is not improbable that the multiplication of saw mills, the clatter of machinery, the running of steamboats, and floating timber may soon render this fish as scarce in the waters of Maine as it now is in Massachusetts.

A Self-Made Man.—The Rochester *Union* tells the following story of Hon. John Kelly, M. C. for New York City: "A rich New Yorker, as the story runs, gave a large entertainment, and among his invited guests were Hon. John Kelly. In the course of the evening the wealthy citizen says: 'Mr. Kelly, I believe I have never had the pleasure of seeing you in my house before.' 'But I believe you are mistaken,' responded Mr. Kelly. 'Mistaken? I think not. I guess I am right.' 'But I *have* been here before.' 'Well,' says the wealthy citizen, collecting his thoughts, 'I don't see how that can be; I have no recollection of your being in my house before; when was it? when were you here?' 'Oh,' said Mr. Kelly, pointing to a grate in the room—'I can bring the matter to your recollection; I *set that grate for you!*'"

Mountain Clouds.—Nothing is more gorgeous and beautiful than the cloud scenery which circles around the summit of the Sierra Nevadas. Daily, and with the utmost punctuality, the white transparent mists begin their journey from the green slumbering valleys below towards the rugged landscapes of eternal snow. Slowly they march upward, one fold of brightness carelessly and lazily rolling over the upper edges of another, until a huge mountain of many-hued clouds is presented to the eye along the entire line of the Sierras, from the farthest north to the extremest southern horizon. They seldom produce rain, or assume those hues of darkness that distinguish the rain-cloud. On the eastern slope of the mountains, however, during July and August, the clouds which form the evaporations of the melting snow collect in storms, emit thunder and lightening, and discharge copious showers of rain. Viewed from a high point of land, the contrast between these gay fantastic air castles and the dark glens and sombre forests beneath is wonderful and striking.—*San Andreas paper.*

A Valuable Letter Found.—A correspondent at Milford says that a boy at work in one of the shoe shops in that place, recently found, in an old mail bag, which the proprietor of the shop had purchased to work into shoes, a letter which had been mailed in an office at Tennessee, and directed to another place in the same State, and which contained four fifty dollar bills, a twenty, a ten, a five, and a three—in all $283! This same firm has purchased several thousands of these worn-out mail-bags, and several other letters have been found in them—one of which was written by an old lady to her little granddaughter, enclosing a *dime.*

A Soldier to be Shot.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, writing from Leavenworth, May 29th, says that a soldier of the 7th Infantry was to be shot at six o'clock, P. M. He had murdered two of his fellow-soldiers and shot an officer in the arm in Texas. His grave had been dug that morning. The guard (some of their muskets being loaded with ball and others with blank cartridge, but no soldier knowing whether or not his gun contains a ball) fire at the dropping of a handkerchief, or some other signal, at the man who stands before them with bandaged eyes. The burial soon succeeds the execution.

Starved Out.—One evidence that Kansas is gradually lapsing into a quiet and orderly territory, may be seen in the fact that the commotion and sensation newspapers—those that thrived on internal strife and blood-and-murder rumors—are rapidly dying out. Their business has failed, and the political public have no further use for them. The St. Louis *Republican* mentions, among others who have left for other parts, the names of Redpath, Phillips of the *Tribune*, Thacher and Hinton of the *Emporian News*.—N. Y. *Journal of Commerce.*

Abating a Nuisance.—Whilst three of the wealthy men in Edgeworth village, Malden, were lately taking "a little o' something" in a saloon, in that place, the wife of one of the number entered with a pistol in one hand and a club in the other. After cautioning them not to interfere, she proceeded to demolish with her club all the bottles, decanters and vessels of liquor in the saloon, which done, she quietly returned home. She had probably studied Judge Shaw's decision at Salem.

An Eagle.—Our friend Ebenezer McLean, postmaster at North Cambridge, says the Washington (N. Y.) County *Post*, has left at our office an eagle shot by him near his residence in Cambridge, this week. This eagle measures from tip to tip 7 feet and 1 inch. It is a very rare thing to see an eagle in this section of the country, and much more rare to find a marksman to bring them down.

For Hot Weather.—One of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means, of artificially lowering the temperature of a room is, to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooling; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour.

Straw Over-shoes.—A patent has been granted to a citizen of Utica, for a new kind of over-shoe, designed for persons travelling by sea and land. It is made of braided straw. Straw being a non-conductor of heat, the natural warmth of the foot is retained, without being porous, and either absorbing the dampness or allowing it to pass off.

Lusus Naturae.—The Richmond, Kentucky, *Messenger*, mentions a freak of nature which is without a parallel in the animal kingdom. It is a colt with but one eye. It was foaled on the farm of Mr. Elisha Roberts, in Madison County. The eye is considerably larger than the usual size, and in the middle of the forehead.

Hard on Tobacco.—The last North Indiana conference of the Methodist Church agreed to the following resolution: "Resolved, That no person be admitted as a member of this conference who is in the habit of using tobacco in the common way, without an agreement to discontinue the practice."

Pic-Nic.—The Lowell Irish Benevolent Society will hold a grand pic-nic, at Hackett's Pond, on Monday, the 5th of July. They will have a procession through the principal streets of Lowell, previous to their departure, in the cars, headed by a full band of music.

A Fearful Rate of Speed.—A special train on the Canada Grand Trunk Railway ran 28 miles in 25 minutes on a late occasion—a rate of 67 1-5 miles per hour.

The Hot Temper of Members of Congress Accounted for.—The ventilating apparatus in the new hall of the House of Representatives does not maintain an even temperature, and the sunlight pouring down through the close glass roof makes the hall very uncomfortable on a warm day.

To Preserve Strawberries.—Look them over with care. Weigh a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Put a layer of fruit on the bottom of the preserving kettle, then a layer of sugar, and so on till all is in the pan. Boil them about fifteen minutes. Put them in bottles, hot, and seal them.

A Hint.—When you prune a small branch off a tree, always see that a bud is left opposite the cut, this will help it to heal over quickly; and you will assist the matter still more by making the cut always a sloping one.

The Cambridge *Chronicle* says that a broker in Boston recently purchased of the heirs of an old man ninety-four years of age, who died recently in Barnstable County, a quantity of coin which had evidently been hoarded up for many years. The deceased owned the house and land which he occupied, but it was not supposed that he owned much property besides, although he was known to be close and miserly. After his death, his premises was searched and specie of various kinds was found to the amount of about *fifty thousand dollars!* Many of the Spanish dollars were of ancient date; but they showed by their color and perfect stamp that they had not circulated much since their coinage. The Spanish gold pieces were enclosed in scraps of parchment, on which the value of each was marked; and the dates indicate that they had been hoarded up for a long period. In all probability a large part of this gold and silver had been in his possession more than half a century.

Of the $4 000,000 treasury notes for which bids were opened at Washington city, recently, $2,750,000 have been taken at four and a half per cent. interest, and the balance at four and three-quarters per cent., showing conclusively that it is not capital that is wanting, but business confidence and the assurance that any commercial enterprise can be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success, or even of security against loss. The low rate of interest at which government loans are taken affords the most conclusive evidence of the non-revival of trade, and of the further fact that capitalists have no confidence in any speedy improvement. $28 635,000 were bid for, all at rates of interest under six per cent.

Buffalo, Chicago, and other western cities, it appears, are overrun with laborers and merchants, who are unable to find employment. In the former place, several hundreds of this class paraded the streets, demanding "work or bread." In Chicago the demand for labor by poor people has been so great that the street commissioners have been enabled to supply each man but two days in a week, at seventy-five cents per day. It is now thought best to cut wages down to fifty cents, and put one-third more men into city service. At fifty cents per day, says the *Democrat*, the city will be overwhelmed with applications for labor.

The Editor of the *Republican Watchman*, a paper published away in Elkhart, Indiana, has been serenaded lately. In acknowledging his appreciation of such a distinguished mark of consideration, the Editor says: "We return our sincere thanks to those friends who so kindly sung under our window a week ago last evening. We were enjoying ourselves hugely in a neighboring village, and regret very much that we were not at home; but we can imagine that it was very beautiful and sweet," &c.

The correspondent of an eastern paper tells of the death of a Mr. Aben, in Clinton County, Iowa, caused by the breath of a "blow snake." Mr. A. being a new settler, was entirely ignorant of the "blow snake," and seeing one, he got close enough to strike it, when the snake suddenly raised itself up and blew in its pursuer's face, causing Mr. Aben to inhale the breath of the reptile, poisonous enough to cause the death of the unfortunate man in a short time.

Superintendent Vibbard and other general officers of the New York Central railroad are inspecting all the bridges along the line, in consequence of the late terrible disaster at the Sanquoit bridge near Utica. The Central road has 323 bridges, two of iron and one of stone; the Erie has 196, none of iron, three of stone; and the Baltimore and Ohio 288, eighteen of iron and seventy-eight of stone—all the rest of wood.

They are tanning an elephant's hide at Cincinnati. It was purchased by a furrier in Wisconsin where the animal, which belonged to a menagerie, died. The freight to Cincinnati cost $15. It is an immense hide, so bulky that the tanners handle it with great difficulty. It is nearly two inches thick, and full a year and a half will be required to tan it thoroughly. It will be a curiosity when thoroughly tanned and seasoned.

The Washington *Union* contradicts emphatically, and, we presume, authoritatively, all sorts of rumors of any disagreement or want of harmony in the Cabinet of President Buchanan. It says that all the reports of Cabinet changes are wholly without foundation. No doubt the statement of the *Union* is correct.

A poor poet, just as he had finished a favorite production at midnight, suddenly exclaimed in ecstacy that he felt his head surrounded by a blaze of glory. He was not long in realizing that his hair had caught fire.

There was a great hunt between matched parties of huntsmen, at Wardsboro, Vermont, recently, and the victorious party brought in two foxes, two hedgehogs, one skunk, fourteen woodchucks, one owl, twenty-six hawks, eighty-one woodpeckers, forty-six red squirrels, six hundred chippen squirrels, and sixty-five crows. The other side declined to have their game counted, but they were not far behind.

We learn from the Portland *Advertiser* that Edward R. Hayes of Mattawamkeag, a boy of thirteen years of age, was arrested and brought to that city and examined on a charge of robbery of the United States Mail, by purloining therefrom packages containing money to the amount of about seventy-five dollars. He made a full confession of the crime, and nearly or quite all the money has been recovered.

A young man about eighteen years old rode from Toledo to Cleveland, a distance of 120 miles, on the truck beneath the passenger car. When arrived at Cleveland he was covered thick with dust, his limbs tremulously stiff, and his mouth and nose so clogged with dust that he could hardly speak. On being safely landed he very naturally complained of a roaring in his head.

The great outpouring of the waters has produced extensive devastation at the West. The town of Cairo, 150 miles below St. Louis, at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, had been almost entirely destroyed. It has a population of about ten thousand inhabitants.

The Town Council of Goderich have voted one thousand dollars towards a celebration in honor of the opening of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad, to take place on the 28th inst., on which day the first train will enter that town.

At Cleveland an artificial lake, seven hundred and fifty feet above Lake Erie, has been built, that will hold enough water to supply the whole city. The water is drawn from Lake Erie into this small lake by two immense engines, costing $160,000.

While an officer was bowing, a cannon ball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those near him, "that a man never looses anything by politeness."

One hundred acres of land on the Charleston Railroad, four miles from Memphis, Tennessee, has been purchased for a racecourse. Price fifteen thousand dollars.

They have in Taunton, Mass., a perfectly white robin, with the exception of slightly brown fleck upon the breast. It is a female bird, mated with the common male robin.

The grasshoppers are appearing again in Warren County, Ohio; last year there were millions of them, this year there are hundreds of millions.

In South Carolina and Georgia they are rejoicing over lucious cherries, pears, and apricots. Cotton was also in bloom in Georgia on the 2d ult.

About a year since, a journeyman carpenter at Chicago received a legacy of $40,000 by the death of an uncle in Australia. He died last week from the effects of dissipation.

Several fields of wheat grown this season at Montgomery, Ala., have been harvested recently, the yield being large and the quality very fine.

Thirty leagues square of forests, the settlements in the Saguenay country, Canada, have been ravaged by fire, and many of the inhabitants are now houseless and destitute.

The hog cholera has again made its appearance in Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas; the animals are dying by hundreds.

Large quantities of old wheat are arriving at Louisville, and sells readily at eighty cents per bushel.

The Leviathan steamer is not coming to Portland till next year. The owners are trying to raise a million of dollars to equip her for sea.

A colony of 700 persons, from Pennsylvania and Maryland, has purchased a large tract of land on the Platte river, Nebraska.

The Illinois farmers have been obliged to send east for seed corn, their own being unsuited this year to raising good crops.

The number of emigrants arrived at Quebec, up to the 11th of June, was 4 175; same time last year, 13,225. Decrease, 9,050.

Nena Sahib was especially prayed for lately at the Union meeting in Sansem street Church, Philadelphia.

The receipts of flour at tidewater by the New York canals this year have been about 600,000 more than they were for the same time last year.

The Catholics of Lafayette, Ind., are about to build a cathedral, nunnery, school, &c., at an expense of $100,000.

We understand that agricultural laborers are much wanted in Woodstock and the neighboring towns in Connecticut.

A million of dollars have been appropriated for fortifications and custom houses in various parts of the country.

The city of Boston has appropriated $2,000 for open air concerts.

Ex-President Pierce is said to be engaged writing a history of the Mexican war.

The damage to plantations by the last flood in the Mississippi is estimated at $300,000.

The yellow fever is very severe among the shipping at Havana.

The New Jersey State fair is to be held at Trenton, September 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

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*** All Letters and Communications should be addressed, "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We received a communication from a city in the West some days ago, but through some mistake it has been mislaid. As far as we can remember it had reference to an Agent of the "Children's Aid Society," who stopped at the place whence the letter was dated, with a number of children, but refused to give any of them to Catholics, though the majority of the children were of that faith. The perverting of Catholic children has ever been the object of the Children's Aid Society—for this it was started, and for this it has been kept alive in New York, by the contributions of philanthropists, called by an eminent Catholic writer, "Old maids of both sexes." These philanthropists deem it a God-send when they can kidnap a Catholic child and send it out West, where it can be placed under the tuition of a follower of one of the many new fangled doctrines now so plenty in this enlightened age. Our friends in the West should look after those children, and watch over them as well as circumstances will permit. He would also oblige us by communicating to us whatever facts he may glean connected with the action of the "Aid Society" towards Catholic children in the West.

MANY READERS, Hartford, Conn.—In consequence of our publishing Dr. Cahill's letters every week, and being compelled to give a general summary of Foreign and Domestic News, Sketches, &c, we were obliged, much against our will, to leave out considerable valuable matter. We think our readers cannot complain, for we give more reading matter by one third than any of our contemporaries.

Can any of our subscribers in Toronto, C. W. inform us of the Christian name of Sheedy who was murdered there on St. Patrick's Day last by the Orangemen, where he resided previous to his residence in Toronto, if he had any family, &c.? By giving us all the particulars we will feel obliged.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

After this number of the TABLET has been mailed, the names of all those who owe us a year's subscription will be erased from our books, and will not be re-inscribed thereon until they shall have paid all arrearages, and a year's subscription in advance.

THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

FAMILY bickerings are usually forgotten on family festivals. The members of the same household, however acrid their disputes may have been during the previous year—whatever cause of complaint they may have had one against the other—generally shake hands and sit down hilariously at the same table to celebrate the great feasts of Christmas, Easter or the New Year. The anniversary of a parent's birthday is another occasion on which there should be—if not oblivion of—at least a truce to the strife which may agitate their offspring. Thus should it be also with the children—native or adopted—of nations on each returning anniversary of the coming forth of their common mother into political life.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the return of that day, which eighty-two years ago dawned for the first time on America standing erect and untrammeled by colonial leading strings. Notwithstanding the giant progress we have made since then, we have still much progress to make. We have yet much to unlearn; for the bigoted spirit which possessed certain of the first settlers in some portions of the States has not yet been wholly exorcised. But on such days as the Fourth of July it would be well if we should forget the future for the moment, and casting our glances backward see what we have gained, and report progress in our own minds. It would be well if, reviewing the actual condition of other peoples, we should compare our present with theirs. And also that summing up the grievances under which we labor—the defects of our system and the shortcomings of those to whom the duty of carrying it out is—(but too often unfortunately for us)—confided—we should *per contra* set down the privileges and advantages we enjoy and strike a balance.

If the malicious and bigoted attacks of which the creed we profess is the object, and the advocacy of measures inimical to our religious rights should, for a moment, make us waver in our attachment to this, our native or adopted country, we may console ourselves by the reflection that such assailants and advocates are but fanatical or designing fractions, impotent to do anything but cry out loud-mouthedly—repudiated by the enlightened and sensible portion of our fellow-citizens—and whose only means of existence is procured by vilification, falsehood and forgery. More satisfactory still is the thought that we have wherewithal to prevent the fructification of these forlorn hopes of needy and desperate would-be politicians at bay. The Constitution puts into the hands of every one a weapon by which to defend himself—the ballot. If we have to complain of the presence of hired bravos at the polls, we must still recollect that in countries which arrogate to themselves the epithet of free *par excellence*, we would not have even the chance of recording our vote unless we were the possessors of a certain amount of pounds sterling.

We are not over-ridden by a hired and fierce soldiery whose ringing spurs and clanking sabres warn the civilian that his voice, his life, his liberty, are only his by sufferance. Honest labor is not a disgrace, and genteel idleness is no claim to public consideration. But one of the greatest offsets to the ills we may suffer, is to be found in the relations between the employer and the employed. In the old countries of Europe, the employee—after having but in too many instances obtained his position through an infinity of petty intrigues, through friends or family interest—has not fulfilled all his duty to his employer, when he has diligently and honestly cared for the latter's interests, and conscientiously performed the labor he agreed to perform. When his work is done he is only considered worthy of his hire if he be deeply penetrated with a profound sense of the obligations he owes his patron for vouchsafing to permit the work to be done by his unworthy hands. His obligations in this way do not always end with his employer. The latter's "lady," the "young ladies," the "young gentlemen," their friends and relations to the fortieth degree, and perhaps the aristocratic *cameriste* and valet have a claim, which must not be disputed, to the back-bendings and foot-scrapings and hat-liftings of the workman. Here, thank Heaven, a different state of things exists. The employer takes the man who suits him, pays him according to his skill, and respects him as a man; the employee does the work he is expected to do, draws his salary and owes nothing to the employer, but gives him his friendship or respect in direct ratio to the manner in which he is treated by him.

Let us also be thankful that we have no born oracles in this country—that the opinion of my Lord this or Sir that, is not worth a single iota more than the conclusions of plain Tom, Dick or Harry—that a man's chances do not depend on the cradle he may have been smuggled into; but, whether he saw the light in the basement, the attic, or on the first floor, he may count upon having a fair field and no favor in his race through life.

All things considered, then, we have reason to be thankful for such privileges as we enjoy, and let us rejoice over them, in a becoming manner, on the coming anniversary—though we may have to go to work with all our might on the following day to preserve, extend and transmit them to our children's children.

FRANCE IN ARMS.

THE warlike preparations of France are sending a cold shudder through the courts of Europe, from that of Saint James to the smallest apology for a regal circle that Germany can present. Each European potentate listens breathlessly to the clank of Gallic hammers closing rivets up—and hopes these preparations are not intended for his especial destruction. The nations watch anxiously and cudgel their brains continually in order to divine on whose devoted head the Emperor's first blow will be struck. Those who do the thinking—or to speak more correctly the writing—for their country, do not spare hypotheses, conclusions and predictions as to the end for which Imperial France is trying on her armor. The Britannic ally of Napoleon III. is pointed out by the greater number as the opponent France is about to call upon to enter the lists. The English journalists themselves interpret the uneasiness of their compatriots at the sight of the military bustle and at the sound of the martial *fanfares* which, wafted across the channel, sound discordantly on their ears now tuned to the plesant hum of peace, or to sounds of war muffled by long distance, like the roll of the drums which are now beaten on the banks of the Goomtee. Not a few single out young Francis Joseph of Austria as the probable recipient of Napoleonic favors. Others again seem to think that the Imperial Eagles are turned towards this continent, and that their bold, sun-daring gaze is directed towards Central America.

We are too familiar with French popular opinion as regards England to need the expression of sentiment enveloped in the addresses of the army to the Emperor on the occasion of the attempt of the 14th January, to indicate to us its direction. A Frenchman who does not dislike England is a *rara avis*, and one who does not distrust her is not to be found. The Emperor is too keen a politician, and too adept a student of history not to share at least the latter feeling, and this fact shows clearly to us the motives of the present military activity of the country he rules over.

A war with England would, no doubt, be personally grateful to Napoleon III. But he is too astute to make a political blunder to satisfy personal pique. He knows very well that notwithstanding the assurances of esteem of which he has been the object on the part of the European sovereigns—notwithstanding the crowned heads which have crowded his Capital—he is much more the object of fear than of affection. He attributes their full value to the official professions of congratulation on his miraculous escape from the murderous engines of Orsini, and is, we dare say, fully conscious that most of the writers of autograph letters on that occasion would have been much more delighted by his having perished than by his salvation. He knows that a war with England would array all the powers of Europe—perhaps certain of those of America—in another Holy Alliance against the *parvenu*. These considerations lead us to think that the fears of the English Press and people are unfounded.

A war with Austria would produce a like result as far as Louis Napoleon is concerned. A Russo-French alliance for the divided dominion of Europe is a chimera. Whatever may be the unpleasant feeling generated in the breast of the Czar by the strictly selfish policy of Austria during the Eastern War, we feel little doubt that the sword of Russia would be wielded on Austria's side in the case of a war between that country and the France of Louis Napoleon. Prussia would, as a matter of course, bare her sabre on the same side. The potentates who rule those nations may have their jealousies, their rivalries, and their disagreements, but their quarrels are but family jars, and Louis Napoleon is ever, to them, an usurper and an interloper. England has but one principle to guide her foreign policy—self-interest—and Austria, Russia and Prussia once leagued together against France, the Anglo-French alliance would not last a day. England would be found as ever on the side of the stronger party.

The Central American supposition seems the most plausible of the three predications, but still we cannot adopt it as the basis of the extensive military movement set on foot in France, and for a very simple reason. It is not with twenty-eight war-vessels in commission scattered over the globe, that we could oppose any effectual barrier to French operations in the Centro-American republics. As to fillibuster opposition it is only to be laughed at by French military men. Besides we have too much confidence in the ultimate good sense of the people of this country to believe them blind to the right which the South American republics inalienable have to place themselves under the protection of whatever power or powers they may chose to place their confidence in, and to grant concessions for canals to whomsoever they may feel themselves justified in according them.

A desire for the extraordinary and astounding often leads publicists to soar into realms of far-seeing—but not right-seeing—conjecture, to discover the motives of political movements when the true reason of them is at their elbow. To us the reason of the French Emperor's warlike preparations is to be found in the old and simple rule that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. Napoleon III. has no very robust faith in the abstract fidelity of his English ally. He must have still less in the sovereigns of Continental Europe, and he is determined to drag from their fears what he cannot expect from their affection.

And herein—according to our views—lies the explanation of the French military enigma.

THE LIBEL ON THE ARCHBISHOP.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes has procured the arrest, for libel, of a certain Swain, the virtual or ostensible editor—we know not which—of a Know-Nothing journal published in the State Capital, but—if rumour be not deceived—inspired from our city. The libel consists in a series of false and malicious articles pretending to reveal the existence of a fabulous political secret society of Catholics, organized in this city under his Grace's auspices. These patent falsehoods formed the substance of several letters addressed to the Albany paper by a New York Correspondent.

Our readers have, no doubt, remarked the hostility which the New York *Daily Times* has ever displayed towards the Archbishop, and the periodical attacks of which he has been the object on the part of that journal. They will look upon it as significant that the Albany *Statesman* was purchased last winter by the proprietors of the *Times*, and the gentle Swain, who then piped for that journal, was sent up to whistle for Know-Nothing popularity in the editorial chair of the newly-purchased organ. We have heard the question asked whether the "Circle of Jesus" was invented in the *Times* office. The relationship between the two journals certainly is calculated to make the interrogation a legitimate one. The trial, which will take place next term in the Court of General Sessions, by effecting a show of hands, will indicate those who have had fingers in the fraudulent compound. Gentlemen of the *Times' redaction*, are your digits in a fit state to meet the public eye?

THE LATE JOHN O'CONNELL.

The O'Connell vault in Glasnevin Cemetery has again opened to receive the mortal remains of John O'Connell, and the news of his premature death has cast a gloom over the Irish people. Not that the man himself had ever obtained such a hold on the nation's heart that his death should be regarded as a public loss, but the name he bore, the relation in which he stood to the greatest of modern Irishmen, and the prominent position which he occupied during a season of national excitement, the memory of which is still fresh in the people's minds—all this gave John O'Connell an importance which his own personal qualities would not, otherwise, have commanded. Not that he was wanting in any of those moral qualities which make men respected in the various walks of life, and now that he is gone, it is with mournful pleasure that we think of him as a good son, a good husband, a good father, a worthy citizen. In mental endowments he was not much above mediocrity, although it is probable that his talents, such as they were, were comparatively lost sight of in the overpowering brilliancy of that great genius by whose rays he was warmed into precocious political life. For some years past the name of John O'Connell has been seldom seen in the public prints, and like the Merovingian princes who preceded Pepin and Charlemagne, his existence was almost forgotten by his contemporaries. All at once came the sad tidings of his death, at the early age of forty-seven, and we no sooner hear that he shares his father's honored sepulchre than we begin to discover that we ought to have valued him more than we did, even for the love that father bore him—that father to whom a grateful nation gave the title of Liberator. When O'Connell died he left four sons in the prime of life, robust in health and likely to enjoy a long career. But two of these now remain. Of the four, two rest already beside their father and "honest Tom Steele," in that vault over which so grand a monument will attest Ireland's gratitude and O'Connell's unequalled labors in her cause. Maurice and John O'Connell are already gathered to that final resting-place—may their souls rest in peace.

But perhaps the great secret of the sorrow which is felt for John O'Connell's death is that it renews the memory of the loss sustained by his father's death. How proud he was of "his son John," how lovingly he brought him forward when occasion offered, how much he trusted him—all this we now feel sadly, deeply feel, and it seems as though a part of Daniel O'Connell had survived till now, and were but now consigned to its kindred remains. Melancholy indeed are the reflections to which this sad event gives rise: the splendid bustle, the joyous enthusiasm, the glowing hopes of the Repeal Agitation, the glories of '43—Tara, Mullaghmast, Mallow—are all before us—the State trials—the honorable captivity of Richmond Prison—the glorious triumph of the liberation, a triumph which made the heart of Ireland thrill with ecstatic joy—all this is before us like some pageant that we saw in dreams, and lo! we wake to read a newspaper announcement that "*John O'Connell is dead.*" Then we remember that the life and soul of that wondrous movement died long ago, and Maurice—the gay, dashing, soldier-like Maurice who sang so martially in the days of that national *revival*, "The Recruiting song of the Irish Brigade"—Maurice is dead, and Hogan who placed the "Repeal cap" on the stately head of the Liberator before the multitudes assembled on Mullaghmast. Hogan, too, is dead, and oh! how many, many others whose names were household words in those days. Well may we exclaim with desponding hearts *sic transit gloria mundi.*

We are rejoiced to see the generous effort being made in Ireland to secure an independence to John O'Connell's children. Immediately after his interment, before they quitted the precincts of the cemetery, a number of noblemen and gentlemen commenced a subscription, and on the spot a sum of £1,158 sterling was subscribed. That was what we call "striking the iron while hot," and we admire the generous spirit which dictated such an act, at such a time, and in such a place. Honor to the men who did it, and may their example be followed up as it ought!

RESULTS OF THE REVIVAL.

A cotemporary of the Sunday Press is assured that a pious young gentleman who has lately been arrested for forgery, had previously figured, in the centre of Down-East sanctimoniousness, as the correspondent of a mushroom publication which was brought forth by the late "religious" revival. Judging from the veracious character which distinguishes the missives of many revivalist and Know-Nothing correspondents, here and elsewhere, we are not in the least surprised by the announcement. The pious young gentleman referred to, however, may not have been wholly to blame in the premises. Perhaps it may have been Chloroform and not the Revivalist correspondent that committed the alleged forgery.

THE CASH SYSTEM—HOW NEWSPAPERS MAY CELEBRATE THE FOURTH.

The *Tribune* proposes that those newspapers who have been kept out of a considerable portion of their hardly won earnings by a too protracted indulgence to their delinquent subscribers, should celebrate the coming Fourth of July by ostracising from their books the names of all those who have been thus indulged, and inaugurating an era of ready-cash-in-advance payments much more agreeable to publishers and which would be in the end fully as satisfactory to subscribers. The *Tribune* ascribes the initiative in this movement to the Chicago *Times*, but therein is mistaken, as a notice which has been in our columns for the past two months will show. We have even taken time by the forelock and commenced the new system on the 1st of July. We believe in giving to Cæsar what is due to Cæsar, and to everybody else what is due to him, and we think the *Tribune* would do well to follow the same plan, but whether those who originated the new system receive or not the credit of it, it is an excellent one, and we expect to see it adopted by the majority of our cotemporaries.

An Error.—The *Tribune* stated, in a late editorial article, that the exemption from debt of members of the British Parliament had been abolished. The writer of the article in question has led his readers into error on that head. The provision for the personal inviolability—as regards debt—of members of both Houses of Parliament in England has never been abrogated. As a proof of the fact we beg to refer our daily cotemporary to the record of the proceedings of the House of Lords on the 10th ult., with regard to the bill for the abolition of the property qualification for members of the Lower House. The Duke of Newcastle expressed a hope on that occasion that if the bill were passed into a law, the privilege should be repealed.

Ordinations.—On Monday, the 21st ult., Feast of St. Aloysius, Patron of Students, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred Minor Orders and Sub-Deaconship on Mr. Anthony Hechinger, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham.

On Thursday, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, the same Rev. gentleman received Deaconship, and on Saturday, the 26th ult., he was raised by his Grace to the dignity of Priesthood.

The ceremonies took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The new Church of St. Mary's, Clifton, Staten Island, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on last Sunday, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, who preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The Church was crowded, notwithstanding the excessive heat of the day.

In our next issue we will give Mr. McGee's masterly speech on the School Question, in the Canadian Parliament.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Prospects of Peace.—Wise and Douglas.—Kansas Affairs—Political Newspapers in Illinois—Central American Projects—Confirmation.—Father Keenan.—The weather.—The Convict Powers.

Washington, June 25th, 1858.

Senator Douglas and family left this city on Monday last for Illinois. They are stopping for a few days at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, where, I presume, they will be waited upon by a large number of friends.

The reunion of the Democracy is rapidly approaching a climax. The administration, and nearly all the subordinates, are anxious for the happy result. A few newspapers—including the New York *Herald* and the *Evening Star* of this city—still keep barking at the heels of the Senator of Illinois, but they will be soon muzzled. The sources from whence these articles come are well known to the friends of union and harmony in both branches of the Democratic party. The South is waking up to a sense of her danger, should Illinois leave the Democratic party.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, arrived here on Saturday last, and on Monday had a friendly interview with Judge Douglas at the residence of Dr. Garnett, son-in-law of Mr. Wise. I learn, also, that the Governor and the President of the United States had a friendly "talk" together on matters connected with the state of parties in the country. One thing is evident to every one who wishes success to the Administration, and desires to avoid a sectional issue in 1860, that nothing can accomplish those objects but a reconstruction of the Cabinet.

A bombshell, it is said, will probably explode in less than four or five days, involving an official of the government in an unpleasant affair connected with the means to carry the "English" Kansas bill through the House of Representatives last session, if a certain autograph for $10,000 be not furnished the parties claiming it. Those, in turn, are threatened with the vengeance of the law for presuming to make such a claim, but the parties referred to not only persist, but say that the circumstances of the case will find their way into print. Well, I suppose we shall have to wait a little for the *denoument.*

The Kansas election, you are aware, comes off early in August next on the Constitution or no Constitution. It will be rejected by an overwhelming vote of the people of that Territory. This would not be the case if Mr. Wier, one of the commission appointed by Mr. Buchanan early in the struggle, had not perpetrated a *coup d'etat* on the Administration. After Weir's appointment, it was found that he was disposed to see fair play at the election, and consequently he was not acceptable to the Lecomptonite party in power, as they did not want Kansas to vote on her Constitution till after the Fall elections in Pennsylvania and other States. While in this city, during the Session of Congress, those gentlemen had a Mr. Davis appointed his successor. When this came to his ears, he started for Kansas as fast as the trains could carry him, and called the Board of Commissions together at once, against the efforts of Governor Denver, who was apprised of his removal by the government. Wier and another being a majority appointed the 2nd of August as the day for holding the election. Had Davis arrived before him with his commission, Wier could not have acted, as he would be virtually out of power; thus Kansas has been secured from another attempt to defraud her of the right to pass upon her organic laws.

I see by a list published in the Chicago *Times*, that out of sixty-nine Democratic papers in Illinois, six only are with the enemies of Judge Douglas, these are in the market and are therefore, for the present, non-committal, though violent anti-Lecomptonites all through.

The government have given orders for a fleet to rendezvous on the coast of Nicaragua to watch the movements of the French. I would not be surprised if a large force should be sent landwise under Gen. Harney into Costa Rica and Nicaragua for the purpose of maintaining the directions of the Ostend manifesto and Mr. Monroe.

The Archbishop of Baltimore administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children and adults, of both sexes, at St. Matthew's and St. Patrick's Churches in this city last Sunday. He preached at St. Patrick's in the evening.

Father Keenan left the President's last Monday for Philadelphia, having in charge Miss Buchanan, the President's niece, on her return home to that city.

The weather here is extremely warm. In a cool place, near the General Post Office Department, it is 90 degrees, it being 10 o'clock, P. M.

Up to this hour we have no reliable news as to whether Powers will be hung to-morrow or not. I think, however, that he will.

Sigma.

A Catholic Priest Drowned.—The Peoria (Ill.) *Standard* of the 18th ult. supplies the following piece of melancholy intelligence:

"With deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Gallagher, Pastor of the Catholic Church at Elgin. We understand that the deceased, in company with our friend, Rev. Mr. Herbert, was crossing the lake above the cascade in Fox River, on a sick call, and the river having been greatly swollen, they were about to be carried over the falls, when Mr. Gallagher sprang out, and, melancholy to write, sank to rise no more. Mr. Herbert was carried into a very deep eddy, below where he sank, and on rising was struck on the head by the boat, trembling in the vortex; he went under a second time, and, as if miraculously, was carried by a kind of counteracting current out of the deep water and happily saved. We believe neither could swim. A large number of clergymen and lay friends have been searching for the body, but at last accounts it had not been recovered."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Wanted—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the Tablet. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all the fast-selling popular works, good honest, industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., *Publishers,*
164 William st., New York.

Notice to Persons Getting up Clubs.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages directed to as many different persons, for distribution at Club prices.

☞ Agents and others will oblige us by strictly following the above rules. *We will admit of no deviation from them.*

Travelling Agents.

Mr. Michael Falvey is now travelling through the State of Ohio. He has a good stock of Catholic Books, Beads, &c., for sale. He is fully authorized to receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet.

Mr. John Graham will call on our Subscribers in Columbus, Cincinnati, Xenia, and intervening towns, during the month of July. We hope they will be ready to pay all arrearages.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. James Doyle, will visit Worcester, Grafton, Westboro, Hopkinton, Milford and Marlboro, this and following weeks. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. Robert Wilkinson is now canvassing in Philadelphia for the Tablet. He will serve it regularly every week at Subscribers' residences. Mr. Wilkinson is fully authorized to act as Agent, receive subscriptions, &c., for the New York Tablet. We cheerfully recommend him to the Catholics of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Mr. Charles O'Neill, now travelling through the Eastern States, is fully authorized to canvass and collect for the New York Tablet.

Mr. Daniel Finn is authorized to canvass and collect for the New York Tablet in the State of Michigan.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now collecting and canvassing for the Tablet in Western New York. He has bills for all indebted to us.

The New York Tablet and *Metropolitan Magazine* only Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.

The New York Tablet and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, 27 1-2 Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit Subscribers and Advertisements for the Tablet.

Now Ready—First Volume of the New York Tablet, with Portrait of Archbishop Hughes, handsomely bound, containing Personal Recollections of O'Connell, by O'Neill Daunt; Elinor Preston, Maureen Dhu, &c., by Mrs. J. Sadlier; with all the current events of the past year, being a complete History of 1857-8. Price $2 50.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Nashua, N. H......Timothy Cahill.
West Cleveland, Ohio...Brian Bray.
Orono, Maine.....Patrick McCrystle.
Portland, Oregon.....S. J. McCormack.

MARRIED.

June 14th, 1858, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, C. W., by the Very Rev. Mr. Bruyere, John Arthur Kavanagh, Esq., Inspector-General's Department, to Miss O'Flaherty, eldest daughter of Morgan O'Flaherty, Esq., of Toronto.

Literature.

THE FOOT OF THE CROSS; or, *The Sorrows of Mary*. By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co. 1858. For sale by SADLIER & Co., New York.

Devotion to Mary, the sorrows of Mary, the perfections of Mary have separately, and collectively inspired religious and spiritual writers in all ages of the Church. The Catholic world is full of books devoted to Mary, and yet every new one that appears is hailed with pleasure. The children of the Church never seem to tire of celebrating, or hearing celebrated, their Mother's praise. Perhaps this universal and undying interest in all that concerns the Mother of God is one of the most beautiful characteristics of the Christian Church. Religious communities are established in her honor and some of the noblest acts of Christian heroism have ever been accomplished under her benign auspices. The most learned divines, the most profound theologians have in turn laid their tribute at Mary's feet, and enriched our sacred literature with their wealth of heaven-inspired thought. Foremost among the spiritual writers of our own day stands Frederick William Faber, one of that distinguished body of English converts who, as Passionists, Redemptorists, and Servites, have done and are doing so much to revive primitive fervor amongst the people. The previous works of Dr. Faber are too well known to require notice here, but this last admirable volume treating of *The Sorrows of Mary*, having only recently appeared, is as yet comparatively unknown. In so far as we have read it, we have no hesitation in saying that it is fully equal to anything which has yet appeared from Dr. Faber's pen. It is peculiarly adapted to the refined and educated classes, seeing that the subject is treated in a lofty and metaphysical style, which will, we fear, prevent its circulation amongst the masses. And yet it is so full of beauties, so rich in illustration, so warm in coloring, that the reader is captivated, and wonders at the art which has thrown so rich a glow over a subject so stern, so sublimely sorrowful as Mary's share in the bitter Passion which redeemed the world.

The plan of the work is clear and concise. It is divided into nine chapters, the first of which treats of *Mary's Martyrdom*, the following *seven* are devoted to the *Seven Dolors*, and the last chapter to *The Compassion of Mary*.

From a work so thickly studded with beauties it is no easy matter to make a selection. We, however, extract the following paragraph from the *Third Dolor*, as being of the freshest and most original:

We cannot doubt but that Mary and Joseph, when they entered Jerusalem in the morning, went first to the temple to seek God's blessing on that load of sorrow which weighed them to the ground. Nor were they without hope of finding Jesus there. Throughout the day they threaded the streets of Jerusalem wearily. Mary scanned the passers-by as she had never done before; but Jesus was nowhere to be seen. Everywhere they made inquiries. Some listened patiently but coldly; others peevishly and as if it were a trouble; others again were kind and feeling, but they had no consolation to give. One woman asked her to describe her Boy, and how faithfully did Mary do it! But no! the woman had seen a boy, but no such boy as that. She could never have forgotten such a one, if she had ever had the good luck to see Him. Others too raised hopes, which were as soon to sink again. On the top of Mary's sorrow came now a world of good advice, which made the load no lighter. Why did she not seek Him here? Why did she not seek Him there? Kind souls! she had sought Him everywhere. She had sought Him as mothers will seek missing children; and many spots are not overlooked in such a search as that. Then some one had given an alms to a boy, who was not unlike the description, and whose loveliness and manner had left an impression behind. But she could say nothing further. However, it was a gleam of light to Mary. There were clearly not two boys in the world who would answer to her description. Then another woman, when she opened her house in the morning, had seen a boy lying on the ground under the eaves. She only saw Him for a moment, but He was fair-haired and beautiful. Another had seen a boy, not unlike the description, breaking a loaf between two beggars in the street; but he had not watched which way He went. He had then been in Jerusalem yesterday, if He was not there to-day. But another had seen Him that morning by the side of a sick person. Here was more light. Mary could be shown where the sick person lived. She saw her and spoke with her. She heard the poor sufferer describe the winning ways of the boy-nurse, His voice, His eyes, His holy words which had brought the tears into her eyes, and the strange presence of God which He had left behind Him in her soul. Mary's heart burned. She drank in every word. It was Jesus. It could be none else. But where had He come from? whither was He gone? The invalid could not say. She knew nothing. He had come and gone. While He was with her, she was so engrossed with Him, she had not thought of asking Him any questions. And the sun sloped westward, and went down, and the shades fell, and the quiet of night came upon busy Jerusalem; but Jesus was not found. It had been a weary day. Neither Mary nor Joseph had broken their fast all day. They were hunger-smitten for the Child. A broken heart wants sleep and food less than others. The night outside was dark, but the night of Mary's soul was darker.

Dr Faber's works need no recommendation from the journalist. They are ever welcomed by the Catholic public, and we are sure the volume before us will be, if anything, still more acceptable, for it seemed as though a work devoted to Mary was wanting to complete the list of Dr. Faber's spiritual treatises.

The work is handsomely and well got up, and forms a good-sized volume of 448 pages. It will be found a pleasing addition to Catholic libraries.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONG THE CELTIC, GOTHIC, AND OTHER NATIONS. By JOHN MCELHERAN, M.R.C.S.E. Boston: PATRICK DONAHOE, 23 Franklin street. 1858.

This book is certainly one of the most extraordinary that ever fell into the hands of a reviewer. In fact a review of such a production is an impossibility, made up as it is of clashing statements and inconsequent deductions, and lacking as it does those very essential requisites: "head and tail." We care not to attempt impossibilities, and will therefore merely endeavor to give the reader an idea of what Dr. McElheran's work is. We believe that we come from the old Celtic stock—we are proud of our origin, and if anything could make us believe that the Celtic race was a fable, it certainly would be the book before us. That book, with its incomprehensible digressions, its extraordinary conclusions, rhapsodical looseness, passionate bias and fierce prejudice, is the strongest argument yet furnished to our enemies, in favor of their calumnies against our race.

The author commences by establishing arbitrary terms, informing his readers that he "will use the word Celt *for want of a better*" to designate the oval-headed races of Southern and Western Europe, and the word *Goth* (for want of a worse, we suppose) to indicate the true Germans and their Anglo-Saxon descendants who have angular or round heads, &c. This is a very pleasant way of proceeding and enables the writer to jump at once into the middle of his subject without wasting any time in preliminaries. He then tells us that the Goth, after all, is but an undeveloped Celt. This would be satisfactory to philanthropists, as it might go to show that we are all men and that even the Goth when developed becomes a Celt. But he soon contradicts himself and astonishes us by declaring that the Goth is always a Goth and incapable of being developed. He next says that a proportion of individuals in a Celtic nation, may, in a true and physiological sense, be called Goths, being undeveloped. This would seem to settle the Anglo-Saxon question for ever, by showing that there is no difference of race, the distinctive mark being merely the absence of cultivation. We may thus simplify the writer's reasoning: The Goth is an undeveloped Celt—the undeveloped Celt is a Goth—therefore the Goths and Celts are one and the same race. But the author soon after asserts that the Goth is ever a Goth—therefore he is not an undeveloped Celt. Yet he holds to his proposition that undeveloped Celts are Goths—therefore all men were originally Goths and the Celtic race is a myth, for the word *Celt*, as used by Dr. McElheran, does not mean a race but a degree of development.

Thus the writer goes on, making all sorts of random assertions and disproving them ten lines further on. We will give a few specimens of his inconsequence:

On page 108 he says: "The Milesians and Greeks had a common origin and they both received their civilization from Egypt—or *Egypt received her enlightened spirit from them.*"

Page 110. "Egypt civilized Greece."

Page 108. "It is therefore a legitimate inference that the ancient Greek, mother and daughter *held, as noble a position* as the Egyptian or Milesian."

Page 112. "The Greek girl held a *lower position* than her sister in Egypt, Italy and the Celtic West."

We might fill our paper with examples of such contradictions which swarm on every page of the book.

Doctor McElheran discards Tacitus' *De moribus Germanorum*, and adopts Ammianus Marcellinus who describes the Germans as a most filthy and bloody race. The Germans on the Rhine, says Dr. McE., had no idea of chastity as an abstract virtue; but *if they had* they must have got it from the Celts. These Germans of Tacitus, he continues, were no better than the generality of their race; but *if they were*, they were not pure Germans but Celto-Germans, Celto-Scythians, an intermediate race.

The Brehon laws, in the opinion of the author, show the ancient Irish to have been a civilized people even before they received the divine precepts of Christianity. Let us see how he proves it. They would not adopt an illegitimate child: foundlings were put in a boat and sent out to sea. He acknowledges "that there *was* a cruelty in this," but then he considers that the practice evidences that legitimacy was a valued jewel, and that the worst of these women abhorred infanticide, and left the little one a chance for its life. We are as Celtic as Dr. McElheran is, but we fail to see any such great difference between killing children with the knife and sending them out to sea in an open boat. And thus the Doctor goes on to the end, whither we have not the courage to follow him.

Doctor McElheran gives evidence of having worked hard and read extensively, but the weeds of passion and prejudice have choked the growth of the flowers of knowledge. He went to work—not to find out the truth—but to pick up everything—no matter what, and no matter where—that could be tortured into supporting his preconceived vagaries. Everything is fish that comes to his net—if it be only capable of being cooked, and served up in his peculiar way. All writers and publications are good authority, as long as they can be made to subserve his ends, and he quotes them all, from Miss Martineau to Chambers' Tracts. Every page of Dr. McE.'s book is an amalgam of passion, prejudice, uncleanliness, absurdity, narrow-mindedness, and inconsistency.

The engravings which accompany the book, —they are also the work of the author,—are fit companions to the text. They are, as it were, its concentrated essence.

We took up this book, hoping to find in it that calm, dispassionate and lucid treatment of a great and highly interesting subject which was to be expected in a work having pretensions to being scientific, but we were grievously disappointed. We found merely a fierce appeal to the prejudices of the race. It will have the fate it merits among the people, for if we are Celts we are not fools. In conclusion, we repeat that all the enemies of our race have not done as much towards proving that we are a blindly passionate and unreasoning race, as this book—if it were to be taken as the expression of Celtic opinion. Well may we say, when such champions spring up: Save us from our friends.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. July, 1858. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., 13 Winter street.

The July number of this periodical in general sustains the high reputation it achieved on its first appearance in the ranks of serial aspirants for the patronage of the reading public of America. Our friend the Autocrat gives us some very delightful pages, and their great beauty makes us regret that the materialism of the author breaks out after every sweet passage, leaving to the reader a bitter and unsatisfactory after-taste. We protest against his endorsement of the pretentious and flunkey Scot, whose heroic name, Fame—according to himself—has not yet learned to pronounce with the true trans-Tweedian twang.

[Translated for the NEW YORK TABLET.]

OUR PROVERBS.

V.

BAD HEAD, GOOD HEART.

Ill Temper.

You speak lightly of this, as though it were nothing to have a bad head, or a bad temper, which is nearly the same thing.

I. *A bad temper!*—why there are few failings whereby we make more people unhappy around us. To have a bad temper, is to be impatient, suspicious, susceptible, wilful; all grave faults in themselves, and often referred to the head, when they have more to do with the heart than we are apt to think.

I might in the first place call your attention to the fact that nothing is more opposed to the spirit of Christianity than a bad temper. What did Our Lord say, in fact, when he presented Himself as the model for us to follow: "Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart, and you will find peace, in imitating Me." He who gives way to his bad temper is entirely opposed to this divine model. That continual impatience of restraint or censure, that excessive delicacy which is wounded by the merest trifle and takes everything in a bad sense, that obstinate attachment to one's own opinion, what else can it be but harshness, or pride?

And whilst we are thus ready to give a bad meaning to what might be interpreted in many different ways; whilst we are so easily excited against our neighbor, and will pass over nothing in him, whilst we, on the contrary, would have him pass over everything in us; whilst we would not for the whole world yield an inch of our own opinion, we dare to say we have a good heart, a Christian heart! How, then, do bad hearts act if good hearts show themselves in this way? Can we forget that saying of Our Blessed Lord: "By their fruits ye shall know them!" How will you have us judge favorably of a tree whose fruits are so sharp and bitter? I see very plainly your bad head; but where is your good heart?

II. You will tell me that you are very honest, very upright; that, in great occasions, *you are always found right*, and that if you err in trifling matters, you are at bottom, and in all that is really essential, entirely irreproachable.

Alas! my poor friend, how strangely do you deceive yourself!

Why do we not hear you boast that you have neither killed nor robbed any one? Observe that you have no merit in avoiding vices to which you have no inclination, nor in practising virtues, or at least in nourishing sentiments, which find no opposition within you. If God has given you a tender heart for your own kindred, a soul disposed for heroic devotion, that is no merit of yours: *it is a favor* for which you are indebted to God, and will have to account to Him for it.

And, moreover, sentiments are nothing except in so far as they are manifested by acts. Now, if you tell me that you would be ready to die for those you love, yet, wanting the opportunity, (as I hope you always may), you make their life a burden to them by your ill temper, I make little account of your fine sentiments.

There is no merit where there is no effort. Now your effort justly consists in struggling against that bad head on which you seem almost to plume yourself, in confining yourself to the small occasions which every day present themselves, instead of amusing yourself with speculating on great events which will, probably, never come to pass, or soothing your conscience by the contemplation of virtues which cost you nothing.

III. You will perhaps answer: "It is easy saying, to have a good temper; but it is not so easy done. In the first place, I am hasty, and I cannot possibly contain myself."

You are hasty, my dear friend!—what is the meaning of that? If I told you: "You would have me be temperate, chaste, honest, but it is easier said than done? I am fond of liquor, I doat upon pleasure, and have a great fancy for my neighbor's goods!" you would consider me absurd, and no wonder; and yet I would only say what you say.

You are quick, my dear friend!—well! labor to moderate that quickness, or otherwise to give it a right direction. Repress your first motions, when things are bad; think of this every day; every day endeavor to gain some victory over yourself. Life has been given you for no ther purpose. But do not undertake this difficult task by yourself; call God to your assistance; seek him where he is to be found: in prayer and the sacraments. Above all, *go to confession*; go often. You have observed that when you returned from the tribunal of Penance, you were better; that the balm of the sacrament had sweetened the bitterness of your temper. Since you know the remedy, make use of it.

You will often fall again!—doubtless you will, for people do not conquer in one day an enemy whose yoke they have for years borne. But God himself has promised victory to perseverance. Persevere then, and you will conquer. To do that, however, there is one primary step to be taken: it is, that you lay aside at once and forever the lying proverb against which we contend. Be assured you will never have a truly good heart, a good heart towards God and man, until it is evinced by a good temper. Above all you must resolutely consider this bad temper as your great enemy, as your dominant passion, as that which, if you give yourself up to it, *will lead you to hell.*

Have the courage to view it in this light, and you will no longer hesitate to employ the means which will transform you—to the great surprise of your friends who begin to think you incurable—to the great edification of all. For, remark in passing, for the querulous and fretful humor of certain pious persons is a great scandal for those who have not the happiness of believing. Who knows but such or such a soul, on the point of being converted, may have been prevented by your peevishness, your un-Christian rancor?

CONFIRMATION AT FORDHAM, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—Though not a very stern advocate for the cause of trumpeting forth through the Press every act performed in the name and to the honor of our holy faith, yet I believe that there are occasions when to neglect such a duty becomes injustice as well to the Church as to thousands of her children, who so love to hear of her wide-spread and rapid increase throughout the world. But of he many triumphs of Faith in those days, of the many occasions on which we are summoned to behold the grandeur of her mysteries ad their sublime effects, few indeed could b found to exceed those witnessed in the Seminary Church of Fordham, on Sunday, June 20th, on the occasion of the Most Rev. Archbishop conferring the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation for the first time in this parish. It is not necessary to enter into a history of Catholicity in this place, being perfectly known to al as the spot which, in the infant days of the American Church, was selected by the presen venerable Archbishop of New York as the abode o Science and the cradle of Religion, where in after years might issue forth fit subjects for the various professions of life, whose sacred walls should give shelter to the youthful aspirant to the Priesthood, beneath whos holy shadow grow up the Levite strong in Fa and every other virtue! That it has fulfild its glorious mission, let the records of th past eighteen years and public opinion answer. It was, however, only within the last seve years that anything like a congregation began to appear in the place; even two years ago it was quite insignificant, and one seeing it at that time and at the present must certainly include that there is no lack of zeal on the part those who have governed the place during t time. Thus it was that no parish being properly formed heretofore, Confirmation has not been administered until last Sunday. The Archbishop arrived about one o'clock, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at, P. M., to about 150 persons, old and young.

M. A.

MISSION AT WINFIELD, L.

Winfield, L. I., June 1858.

Mr. Editor:—It will most certainly be gratifying to the readers of the BLET to announce that a mission is being reached here in the Church of St. Mary of e Angels of Winfield, between Williamsburgh and Flushing, by the Rev. Father Gaudentius Rossi, Passionist.

On Sunday, June 20th, the Rev. Jesuit Missionary, Father Weninger, ope d in this Church a most successful mission for the German Catholic portion of the congregation. This mission lasted ten days. Many hundreds of German Catholics attended the different exercises from Williamsburgh and New York. About 1,200 communions were given during the short mission, and 7 Lutherans were converted and received into the Cath lic Church.

Late in the evening, after those of the German Mission, it was announced that the Rev. Father Gaudentius would begin a mission for the Irish Catholic portion of the congregation. This mission is intended to last two weeks, and consequently close the afternoon of the 4th of July next, with the usual Papal Benediction. Exercises every morning and evening, with Sermon and benediction in the evening.

Winfield is situated on the Road to Flushing. There is a station near the Catholic Church. The Steamboat Ferry for the Flushing Railroad leaves Fulton Ferry at 6.47, 8, and 10 o'clock, A. M.; 1, 4, and 6 o'clock, P. M., returning from Flushing at the same time.

Watertown, N. Y., June 21, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

The Rev. Father Walworth having arrived on business in this village on Friday evening, was induced by the persuasions of the Rev. P. McNulty and others, initial members of the congregation of St. Pe's Church, to remain here in order to preach the succeeding Sunday. He accepted the invitation; and as if his coming here was wished, that capacious Church was densely crowded, notwithstanding the almost intolerable heat of the day. Among those present we recognized some of our most respectable Protestant citizens. The joy with which the congregation hailed the return of this celebrated convert in their midst, so soon after the mission, was manifested by their presence, and by the attention which they paid to his very instructive discourse which—it being the fourth Sunday after Pentecost—was taken from the 5th Chapter of St. Luke, commencing at the first and terminating with the eleventh verse.

M. J. C.

[We are sorry we cannot, for want of space, give Father Walworth's sermon, the report of which our respected correspondent sent us.]

"IN MEMORIAM."

On Wednesday, 16th ult., was celebrated in St. Anne's Church, Palmyra, N. Y., a *Requiem* Mass for the repose of the soul of Kate Casey, who departed this life on the 26th of April last, at New Garden, near Castle Connell, County Limerick. Rev. Mr. Purcell was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Mr. McKeon and Rev. Mr. Casey, pastor of St. Anne's, and brother of the deceased. The choir was conducted by the accomplished Misses Moran, of Rochester, assisted by Rev. Messrs. M. O'Brien, Carroll, Moore, McEvoy, Kavanagh, Storey and Vahey. The Church was densely crowded. The Rev. Mr. McKeon, of Rochester, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon, which deeply affected the congregation.

CELTIC BARDS.

[*From Dickens' Household Words.*]

(CONCLUDED.)

To this day, in Ireland, women croon songs of the Fenii (ancient militia) of Erin who have been, from almost the earliest days of our era, the theme of Irish song. The Fenii's day of the greatest glory was in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, about the middle of the third century, when Fionn Mac Cumhal of the tribe of Baoisgne was their leader. This army of Ireland was in the pay of the Irish kings, billeted during the winter season on the people, and receiving its hire from the kings, but obliged in summer to depend for food upon fishing and hunting, and for pay upon the value of the skins of beasts they hunted. They were sworn to defend the country and the coast, to uphold the rights of the crown, and to secure the lives and property of the people. They ate one meal a day, and cooked the meat for a whole company with hot stones in a single pit. Deep marks of these fires are still found upon Irish soil, and are called by the country people Falacht Fian. After dinner they made beds with care; branches of trees next the ground, moss over them, and rushes over all, formed the three beds of the Fenii. In time of peace their force was of three battalions with three thousand men in each. In time of war these numbers were more than double. There were set over them and under each chief of battalion rulers of ten, rulers of fifty, rulers of a hundred. The man called in old chronicles Fear Comhlan, a man able to fight a hundred, is the man who led a hundred into battle. Every soldier of the force was required by Fionn to swear that when he married it would not be for a woman's wealth, but for her virtue and her courtesy—that he would wrong no woman—never deny meat or drink, when he could give it to the poor, and that he would never refuse to fight nine men of any other nation.

Also Fionn closed his ranks against those whose relatives did not formally abandon their own right of blood revenge in case a soldier should be slain, and leave the matter wholly to his comrades. That was the first of the ten qualifications for admittance into the army of the Fenii. The second was that the youth should be well acquainted with the twelve books of poetry, and should be able to compose verses. Thirdly, he was to be perfect master of defence. To prove this, he was set up to his knees in a field of sedge, having in his hands a target and a hazel stake as long as a man's arm. Nine experienced soldiers, from a distance of nine ridges of land, then hurled their spears at him in the same moment, and if one spear wounded him he was dismissed with a reproach. Fourthly, he was to run well, and know how to defend himself while flying. He was made to run through a wood, with a start of a tree's breath, pursued by the whole host of the Fenii; if he was overtaken or wounded he was sent away as being too sluggish a recruit. Fifthly, he was to prove strength of arm. Sixthly, he was to run through a wood in chase with his hair tied up, and be discarded if the hair broke lose and fell about his shoulders. Seventhly, he was to be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by treading over it. Eighthly, he was to be able to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Ninthly, he was to be able while running, without lessening his speed, to draw a thorn out of his foot. Tenthly, he was to take an oath of fidelity to the commander of the Fenii. Of all which conditions, gravely says an Irish antiquary, "So long as these terms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad."

Oisin the greatest of the ancient Irish bards (transformed by Mac Pherson into the Scotch Ossian) was Fionn's son, and Fergus Fibheoil (sweet lips) was the chief bard of Fionn, the heroic favorite of Cormac O'Conn, king of Ireland.

In the days of Oisin the Fenii were suppressed by force. The national army had, by dissentions within its own body, split into two clans, the Clanna Boisgne, commanded by Oisin, and the Clanna Morna, then protected by the king of Munster. The two clans fought for precedence, and at last, defying the power even of the king, were suppressed by royal troops in a great battle, during which Osgar, the son of Oisin, was slain by the king's own hand. One Irish chronicle says that in this battle all perished except Oisin himself, who lived on until he was old enough to have that dialogue with Saint Patrick, of which many passages are still repeated by the peasantry of Mayo. The whole of it has been preserved in sundry manuscripts by antiquarians of past years.

Saint Patrick bids Oisin awake and attend to the psalm, but Oisin replies, My swiftness and my strength have deserted me, since the Fenii, with Fionn their chief, are no longer alive; for clerks I have no attachment, and their melodies are not sweet to me. Patrick, I have heard melody better than your music, great though it be; the mocking ripple of the rivulet, the roaring of the caves, these were the music of the Fenii. I have not heard music so good as this of nature from the beginning of the great world up to this time; I am aged, gloomy, and grey-headed, and my regard is not towards the clerks on hills. O Patrick, hard is thy service, and shameful is it for you to reproach me for my appearance; if Fionn lived, and the Fenii, I would forsake the clergy of the cross. The small dwarf who attended Fionn had paltry bones; yet he played melodiously on the harp, whilst I am here in grief with the clergy. Then Oisin proceeds to magnify his past enjoyments, and St. Patrick replies as becomes his office, but Oisin cries, Little do I believe in thy speech, thou man from Rome with white boots, that Fionn the generous hero is now with demons and devils. Upon this subject the bard and the saint argue together stoutly, and there are some touches of a fine pathos in Oisin's pleading on behalf of the dead heroes. He counts as equal to eternal torture one day only in company with clergy of the bells. He tells Patrick the great story of the Battle of the Hill of Slaughter, which ended the wars of the Fenii, which ended the life of his son, high-minded Oscar of the weighty strokes. Patrick blends compliment with a remoreless condemnation of the souls of heroes; Oisin, at his repeated request, tells of the blows struck by hero upon hero, and of the words spoken by the men of battle. The narrative is long and full of incident; in fact, a Celtic novel, as related by the bards. When all has been told, the argument is resumed, and presently again breaks off, while Oisin, who sings pertinaciously of Fionn and the Fenii relates to the saint the magic tale of Fionn's chase; the argument grows hot again, till Oisin, mentioning the time of the enchantment of Fionn and the Fenii, St. Patrick calls upon him for that song, and gets it. When it is finished, Oisin again pleads for the Fenii, and begs St. Patrick to forsake the clergy, and conduct the heroes into heaven. Being reprimanded, the bard promises to talk of Fenii no more, and is rewarded by receiving meat from the saint's housekeeper, which he supposes to be sent direct from the Eternal City. The starved poet being refreshed, talks of the Fenii again, and labors cunningly to get St. Patrick's promise that he will talk with him about them when in heaven, in a discreet whisper. The saint declares that even a whisper would be heard; and at last the old man meekly declares that he is prepared to march speedily towards the youthful city. The poem thus tells of the last days of the bard of Erin: Portentous danger from death did come full severely on Oisin for a time; alas! then he had no attachment left for the mighty Oscar, nor for Fionn of the hosts. Memory nor sense remained in his head; his eyes were blind, suffering sorrow: torn was that merry, magnanimous heart, which had been mighty in battles of weighty hosts.

To Feargus Fibheoil, chief bard of Fionn, are attributed many of the extant songs upon the battle of the Fenii. He was praised always as the truly ingenious, the superior in knowledge, the skilled in the choice of words, by succeeding Celtic poets. He is especially remembered for the songs with which he animated warriors during the heat of battle.

Our Celts clung to their bards, and gave them honorable place long after Druids were no more, and it was of course from lip to lip that their songs passed, until men lived who had the magic art of fixing them on paper. In the annals compiled by Tigernach, in the eleventh century, and extant still, live many ancient Bardic Songs and Legendary Histories; others appear in the Annals of the Four Masters, and in such local records as the Annals of Ulster and Innisfallen. There survives also a collection called the Psalter of Cashel, written at the close of the ninth century. The Scottish Celts have not a written literature equally venerable for its age, but the metrical Albanic Duan, a historical and of course bardic and legendary poem, is said to belong to the eleventh century. The transcripts of the songs of the Welsh bards cannot be traced with certainty to a date earlier than the twelfth century, but there can be little doubt that from the harp of Taliesin a few genuine strains yet echo among the hills. Fragments of written Welsh exist which may be referred to the tenth, or possibly even the ninth century, but they are simply glosses upon previously existing manuscripts, written probably by some of the first Welsh monks, in the native tongue. The oldest of these, for example, are glosses on a portion of the treatise of Eutychius, the grammarian, and some others are on the text of Ovid's Art of Love.

Of the laws of Howel Dda, compiled in the tenth century, the oldest manuscript belongs to the twelfth century. That also is the period of the oldest known manuscript containing songs of the Welsh bards, in a volume called the Black Book of Caermarthen. It contains a Dialogue between Myrrdin (Merlin) and Taliesin; the Graves of the Warriors; the Predictions of Merlin from his Grave; and eight or ten miscellaneous songs and elegies. The greater number of the poems ascribed to Taliesin were not reduced to writing till a century or two later, when they were set down in the Red Book of Hergest, six hundred years after the supposed date of their composition. The Red Book of Hergest, in the library of Jesus College, Oxford, contains more than seven hundred pages, and is written in double columns. Its last pages were written in the fifteenth century, the rest certainly not earlier than the fourteenth. Nearly two-thirds of the remains left to us by Cymrian bards are ascribed to Taliesin, who lived at King Arthur's court in the sixth century, and of the residue much is attributed to Aneurin, Merlin and Llywarch Hen.

In the laws of Howel the Good, compiled in the tenth century by a commission of thirteen of the most learned men in Wales, and enacted by that King, we learn what was at that time the rank held by the Celtic bard. The king's bard was tenth in the list of his officers, and ranked between the queen's chaplain and the crier. The fine for his murder was nine hundred and nine cows with three advancements. He was, in the tenth century, simply a singer or composer of songs. He was to sing at the board of the king in the common hall, and at the desire of the queen. If the queen required a song in her chamber, the bard was to sing three verses concerning the Battle of Camlan. He was to sing a song to the master of the household whenever he was directed to do so, and said the laws: "If there should be fighting, the bard shall sing Unbenaeth Prydain (the Monarchy of Britain) in front of the battle."

In the halls of the lesser chieftains, the bard doubtless was genealogist, family historian, instructor. There were also itinerant harpers who secured to themselves great gain by wandering from castle to castle, joining in every great festivity, and asking gifts that it became not the honor of chiefs to refuse. The praise of the chiefs who were most liberal to them was carried by these bards up and down the land. The laws of Howel ordain that when the bard shall ask a gift from a prince he shall sing one song; when he asks a baron, let him sing three songs; should he ask a vassal, let him sing until he falls asleep.

In the eleventh century lived the great Prince Gruffydd ap Cynan, who reformed abuses among the bards, and, being an Irishman born, introduced from Ireland certain changes in their music. He divided the bards into classes under the three grand orders of poets, heralds, and musicians. The musicians were of three kinds—harpers, players on the crwth, or fiddle, and singers to the harp. Gruffydd prohibited the bards from asking for unreasonable gifts—such as the prince's horse, hawk, or greyhound, and anything beyond a certain price, or priceless, because not to be replaced. This prince is said to have been the first who ordered the formation of chairs for victors in the bardic contests; but the chair bard is mentioned in the laws of Howel, and there is a legend that even in the seventh century Cadwellader sat in a Congress or Eisteddfod.

To the sixth century the great bard Taliesin (shining forehead), son of Henwg, is referred. His patron was Urien Rheged, a British chieftain. The territory of Rheged was the scene of constant battle between the Britons and the leaders of the Angles; but the only hostile chieftain named by Taliesin is called Flammdwyn (the flame bearer), and has been supposed to mean Ida the Anglian invader. Many of the poems ascribed to the bard Taliesin were the productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but we are permitted to believe that genuine strains of his songs to Urien survive in words like these: "We should not be joyful were Urien slain; he is beloved of his countrymen; he terrifies the trembling Saxon, who, with his white hair wet, is carried away on his bier, and his forehead bloody; bloody are the feebly defended men, and the man who was always insolent; may their wives be widows. I have wine from the chief: to me wine is most agreeable; it gives me impulse, aid, and head before lifting up the spear in the face-to-face conflict. Door-keeper, listen! What noise is that? Is it the earth that shakes, or is it the sea that swells, rolling its white heads towards thy feet? Is it above the valley? It is Urien who thrusts. Is it above the mountain? It is Urien who conquers. Is it beyond the slope of the hill? It is Urien who wounds. Is it high in anger? It is Urien who shouts. Above the road, above the plain, above all the defiles, neither on one side nor two is there refuge for them. But those shall not suffer hunger who take spoil in his company, the provider of sustenance. With its long blue streamers, the child of death was his spear, in slaying his enemies. And until I fall into old age, into the sad necessity of death, may I never smile if I praise not Urien."

But Urien fell under the swords of the Angles, and it is the battle of Cattraeth, fatal to the clans of Rheged, that gave to the great bard Aneurin a theme for his chief poem—the Gododin.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The military preparations of France.— The Outrage Question. — India. — China. — Naples.—Abolition of Church Rates —The Property Qualification bill.— Proceedings dropped against Fathers Conway and Ryan —Locke King's bill.—The Belfast Riots.—The India Resolutions.—The Oath's bill.—Vote by ballot.— Tenants' Compensation bill.

LONDON, June 11th, 1858.

All eyes are turned towards France. Every one asks what can be the meaning of the extraordinary military activity she shows to-day. All kinds of projects are attributed to the French Emperor, and all Europe breathlessly waits the result of the present preparations. I might fill up my letter in a (to me, at least,) very pleasant manner by stringing together a host of improbable eventualities. The speculative tendencies of several of our highly pretentious publicists have found food in the glorious vagueness of such a question, and they will go no forming expeditions and invading territories until they are surfeited—and their readers too. I do not believe that Napoleon desires a quarrel with England, but he most probably mistrusts her as an ally (history shows him good reason for doing so) and thinks it as safe to be in a position to get on without her should the alliance be unavoidably ruptured.

Nothing worthy of remark has transpired with regard to the proceedings of our cruisers towards American merchant-vessels in the Gulf of Mexico. The government considers the reports of the outrages greatly exaggerated, but shou'd they be proved are willing to indemnify the sufferers by the excess of zeal of the navy officers on the West India station. It is thought by some that the Captains of some of the outraged vessels have been indulging their nautical desire for fun by hoaxing the Press. No one dreams of any interruption to the friendly relations which exist between the two countries. A war with the United States would the opposition to his great project in the House be looked upon with especial disfavor by the mass of the people of the three kingdoms, but they suspect you of winking a little at the slave trade, and would wish to have some arrangement entered into between the two countries by which the audacious traders in human flesh might be prevented from turning the life-blood of the poor African into gold.

The war in India still drags on at a snail's pace. There is no means of judging when the struggle may terminate or what may be the conclusion of it. Members in both houses, both Opposition members and Ministerial supporters hesitate not to confess that a protracted war is to be expected, a war which may still last for years. The English forces continue to beat the insurgents but their victories seem barren of result. They have beaten them so often that one would imagine they would at least be beaten into a non resistance by this time. But no; the more they are punished the more they seem to want punishment, and the British army after all may by continually defeating them teach them to fight in the end. History shows examples of the kind. As to the latest news it informs us that Oude was growing pacific; the restoration of the Talookdars and the re-establishment of Zemindaree system was well received by the people. The insurgents were making another stand at Calpee. A victory over them by Sir Hugh Rose is counterbalanced by the defeat of an English force and their Ghoorka allies by an Assam tribe.

As to China, there is nothing doing there. The foreign plenipotentiaries had been ordered to return to Canton to meet the new Commissioner.

The question of indemnity to those illustrious martyrs—Park and Watt—is as yet unsettled. No definite answer has as yet been received from the King of Naples with regard to the compensation demanded.

Two important measures have passed the Commons, and have been advanced a stage in the Lords. The bill for the Abolition of Church Rates passed the third reading in the Lower House on Tuesday by a majority of 63. Yesterday it was read a first time in the Lords. The bill for the Abolition of the Property Qualification for Members of Parliament was read a second time in the House of Lords on yesterday. Earl Grey opposed the latter bill on the ground that it was part of a general measure of parliamentary reform which would put all the powers of the government into the hands of the Democracy. Lord Ebury, Lord Campbell, Earl Granville, and the Duke of Newcastle spoke in favor of the bill. The latter nobleman expressed a hope that the exemption from arrest at present enjoyed by members of both houses should be abolished. Many a poor tradesman will pray that the Duke's hopes may not be disappointed. The bill will probably pass, but as to the abolition of the privilege of non-arrest, it would be rather too Cato-like a proceeding to expect from the degenerate statesmen of to-day.

The mouse brought fourth by the late Palmerstonian mountain in labor: the prosecution of the Rev. Fathers Conway and Ryan has now disappeared for ever. The Attorney General for Irelaud in answer to a question from Lord John Brown, said that after having made inquiries, he considered he should best discharge his duty by letting all proceedings drop with regard to the reverend gentlemen. So departs another vestige of Whig liberality.

Mr. Locke King's bill for extending the franchise in the countries passed the second reading in the Commons by a majority of 58. Lord Palmerston, in voting for the second reading, reserved to himself the right of moving in Committee that the qualification be fixed at a higher sum than £10.

The question of the Belfast riots brought forth a statement from Lord Carlisle in the Upper House, that the recurrence of those riots in Belfast strengthened this conviction that the Irish government last year were justified in showing by the only means in their power—the preventing any fresh appointments of members of the Orange Societies to the office of magistrate — their censure of such organizations.

Mr. Gladstone's amendment to the third India resolution was defeated by a majority of 149 in favor of the original resolution. The text of Mr. Gladstone's amendment is as follows: "That, regard being had to the position of affairs in India, it is expedient to constitute the Court of Directors of the East India Company, by an act of the present session, to be a council for administering the government of India, in the name of her Majesty, under the superintendence of such responsible Minister, until the end of the next session of Parliament." Another amendment was proposed by Mr. Roebuck. He would have a Minister for India without a council, and would make that Minister responsible. His amendment was negatived. An amendment by Mr. Lindsay: "That the first council in India consist of the present Court of Directors" was also negatived. After some discussion as to the number of members composing the council—the majority of speakers being in favor of a round dozen—the Chairman was ordered to report progress.

Two bills relating to the Jew question were introduced in the Upper House, one by Lord Lyndhurst, the other by the Earl of Lucan. Both bills were read a first time and the second reading was fixed for next Friday.

Mr. Berkeley's motion for leave to bring in a bill for voting by ballot was opposed by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and was denied by a majority of 97. The result was received with loud cheers and no wonder. How many of those sitting in the Lower House would be in their places if the means of intimidating their tenants and others were taken away from them?

Sergent Deasy made an able address on Wednesday in support of the Tenant's Compensation (Ireland) bill which came up for the second reading. He said that no class of society ought to be placed in the position of dependence and uncertainty which the tenants of Ireland occupied. The state of the law of landlord and tenant had led to the emigration of a great number of Irish people across the Atlantic, and if this country should be involved in a war with the great Powers of Europe, England would regret that justice had not been done to the tenants of Ireland. Mr. Whiteside opposed the bill, which on division was thrown out by a majority of 135. This result is not surprising. It is not to be expected that English members can agree on an Irish measure when they see Irish members divided among themselves. When will the latter recognize in action, the truth of the axiom that union is strength. It will ever be thus as long as Irish members instead of representing their country represent different parliamentary factions.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

A French view of the Outrage Question.—Insurrection of the Christians in Candia — The Greek Ambassador.—Naples —Requiem Mass for the Duchess of Orleans — The camp at Chalons.—Emigrants to New York.—M. de Lesseps.—M. de Pene.—Termination of the Exercises of the Month of Mary by the professors and pupils of the Seminary of Notre Dame-des-Champs.

PARIS, 10th June, 1858.

Your differences with the English Government do not create much interest here. It is thought that England, however she may thunder against other nations, is always disposed to strain a point when the United States are in question. The *Constitutionnel* lately had an article on the subject, in which, after expressing its satisfaction at seeing the London press, usually so fierce, handle the United States in such a gentle manner, it states that the present quarrel will end like others, by condescendance on the part of England. In general, however, there is little sympathy with either party in the dispute. England's anxiety for the suppression of the slave trade covers, it is thought, a desire to exercise a control over the vessels of all countries. The American position is considered a good one as it is based on the absolute freedom of the seas and would establish a precedent which secondary navies would have a right to invoke. But the idea that besides the triumph of a principle, the toleration of the slave trade is among its motives and prevents the American Government from having that sympathy which it would otherwise receive. The *Constitutionnel* continuing its remarks asks if the other nations that are spectators were called upon to decide between the disputants, would they not have the right to say to both:

Je vous connais de longetemps, mes am's.
Et vous deux vous paierez l'amende,

for you, England, you want to transform into a right an abuse of power, and you, United States, while justly proclaiming the freedom of all flags, you abuse this sacred principle, by tolerating the slave trade.

The Christian subjects of the Porte in the island of Candia, following the example of their co believers of Herzegovina, have risen against the extortions of Veli Pacha, the Turkish Governor, and insist upon his being recalled. This Veli Pacha was formerly ambassador here and was one of the diplomats engaged in the negociations concerning the Russian War. His sojourn in civilized nations it would seem did not change his Turkish nature. The first town which refused to pay the enormous tax levied was occupied by the Pacha's soldiers during the night, and all the youths of the village seized, as they left their houses in the morning, and bound hand and foot. At sight of this, their mothers and sisters grew desperate, rushed upon the Turkish mercenaries, and after a terrible and bloody struggle drove them from the ground and released the young men. Since then several villages in the neighborhood of the capital have revolted, and the insurgent force already amounts to 2 000 men. They say they will remain faithful to the Sultan but insist on having the Governor removed. They will only parley with his emissaries in their own camp and in presence of the Consuls of the different powers. A correspondence in the *Gazette de Lyon* says that all the Consuls remain neuter with the exception of the English official who openly sides with the Turkish Governor.

I have just learned that the Greek Ambassador at the English Court has arrived here, for the purpose of obtaining during the session of the Conference a definition of the three protecting powers of the exact meaning of the treaty of 1854 between Turkey and Greece, that all interpretations may be avoided in future.

The *Journal du Havre* announces that the troops will not all be encamped at Chalons before the 10th of July.

The number of emigrants who left Havre for America, during the past month is 1,787. 1,760 of these sailed for your city, and the remaining 27 for New Orleans.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the head of the Suez Canal Enterprise, who left Constantinople on the 19th ult., arrived in this city on Wednesday. M. de Lesseps is no wise daunted by the opposition to his great project in the House of Commons, and is determined to pursue his plan with as much energy as ever.

M. de Pene, the journalist who was wounded by Captain Hyenne in what is called a duel, has been declared by his physicians out of danger, and his speedy recovery is counted upon.

A Requiem Mass was celebrated on Tuesday in the Chapel of Saint Ferdinand, at Neuilly, for the repose of the soul of the late Duchess of Orleans. Mass was said by the Abbe Gonon. A register was kept in the sacristy in which after the ceremony a number of persons inscribed their names. Among the distinguished persons present were—Thiers, Odilon Barrot, Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, Vitet, Saint-Marc Girardin, Cousin, Villemain, Mignet, Viennet, Louis Reybaud, le comte de Segur, Vatimesnil, General Rulhieres, Wolowski, Casimir Perier, Remusat, &c.

At the little Seminary of Notre-Dame-des Champs the exercises of the Month of Mary were terminated by a double pilgrimage. On Thursday week the professors of that institution and their pupils set out at daybreak for the Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels situated in the midst of the famous forest of Bondy. This Chapel, which dates from the year 1812, and which since then has been constantly visited by numbers of pilgrims, was built to perpetuate the memory of the miraculous deliverance of three merchants, who were robbed by highwaymen at that place. They were tied to three trees and providentially saved when the robbers were about to murder them. At a later period the three trees were replaced by three crosses which Mgr. Dupanloup, formerly Superior of the Seminary of St. Nicolas, caused to be renewed in 1842. On the last day of the month of Mary in that year the Bishop had them solemnly erected. The names of the masters and their scholars were inscribed on a copper plate and placed in the Sanctuary as a perpetual testimony to their devotion. The pupils of Notre-Dame-des-Champs followed this pious example on the 27th ult.

On the last day of the month the pupils visited another sanctuary of the Mother of God. They heard the holy sacrifice of the Mass at the altar of Notre-Dame-des-Malades, in the parish of Saint-Laurent, enriched with liberal indulgences accorded by his Holiness Pius IX.

Letters from Naples state that the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius has been one of the greatest that, has ever taken place. Nine craters vomited forth floods of lava. A correspondent says that seen from Naples at night, the mountain looks like a mass of living fire.

There is some probability of the dispute between Naples and Sardinia being settled by arbitration. The Piedmontese Cabinet naturally would desire to have England chosen as arbiter, but Naples could scarcely expect justice from a country that has broken off diplomatic relations with her. It next mentions Holland or Sweden. The idea of appointing intolerant Sweden is simply absurd and of course could not for a moment be entertained. The Sardinian Ministers must not be very certain of the justice of their cause when they have recourse to such petty chicanery.

The *Presse* announces that it has been informed by a correspondent in London that Lord Malmesbury had addressed a note to the Neapolitan Cabinet giving that government fifteen days to grant the indemnity demanded in the name of the two English engineers of the Cagliari, or to submit to the mediation of one of the Powers proposed by the English government.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Esq, the well-known Irish orator, diplomatist and editor, has a way of telling common truths, in a manner that gives them peculiar importance, and impresses the hearer with a sense of their weight. For example, he once stated, while addressing a large and fashionable audience, that manufacture is the soul of commerce, and enterprise is the soul of manufacture. Any man of ordinary intelligence must always be ready to acknowledge that such is the case, yet the terse manner in which the statement was made, imparts to it an air of originality. Commerce would be insignificant without manufacture, and were it not for the enterprise of some men, American manufacture would be a slow "institution." Was every business man like our friend Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, of No. 230 Bowery, it would even become more important than it is. He has been in the boot and shoe business for a number of years, occupying the same stand, and amassing a fortune by his strict integrity and honorable dealings. Ladies go to him, and take their children to him, when they desire to purchase elegant gaiters, French ties, shoes, etc., without being deceived; and gentlemen do the same. Mr. McC. has one of the largest assortments of every description of boots, shoes &c., in the city, so that all will not fail to be suited who call.

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friend Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

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NEW YORK MARKETS.

ASHES—A steady market for both kinds; the stock is fair 1 demand moderate; sales of 70 bbls. at $6. Saleratus quiet at 6c.

STOCK OF ASHES JUNE 25, 1858.

	Pots bbls.	Pearls. bbls.
First	573	484
Second sort	88	115
Third sort	68	20
Country	27	—

COTTON—The market has been firm, with sales of 1,000 bales closing dull.

COFFEE—There is considerable activity in Java at the rec decline; 3,000 mats, to arrive coastwise, have sold 600 bags do. to arrive direct, on terms not made public; the invoice sold on Friday arrived last even. Rio and other kinds are quiet; sales of 75 bags Guayra at 11¼c.; the stock of Rio is 11,000 bags and 90 Santos.

FRUIT—Raisins are quiet. Dried Apples are lower; sales of 90 lb State at 5½c. By auction, 250 boxes Layer Rns, sound at 2 15@$2 30; 200 do. do. damaged at $; 4 boxes bunch Raisins, damaged, at $1 75@$1 8400 hf. boxes do., also damaged, at 87½c., all cash; 44s. Currants at 6@6½c.; 25 casks do. at 6¼@6¾c.; 65 casks do. at 7@7¼c., and 1,500 drums Figs at 4¼c., all 4s

FISH—The market is very dull and depressed. We have only note sales of 500@600 qtls. St. George's Dry Cod 3 12½@$3 18¾. Other kinds remain quiet and prices merely nominal.

HOPS—We notice sales of 300 bales 1857's at 6½@7c., and quote the range at 5@7c.

HAY—A fair demand for shipping; sales of 700 bales at 45@50c 100 lb.

HIDES—The demand is less active; prices are unchanged; sales of 2,300 Orinoco at 22c., 3 mos.; 350 Dry Salted Texas 14c., 6 mos.; 1,000 Savanilla at 16c., less 3½ per cent, cash, and 400 Dry Salted Southern on private terms.

IRON—Scotch Pig continues quiet at $22@24 ex ship and from store but job lots from store command more money; other kinds are also in limited request and prices are nominal.

INDIA RUBBER is steady, but the demand is less animate, and we do not learn of any further sales.

LEATHER—Hemlock and oak are both active at former prices. We annex the movement for the week as follows:

	Hemlock.	Oak.
Receipts	17,600	7,150
Sales	106,000	7 950
Stock	48,400	19,400

LIME—Rockland is quiet at 62c. for Common.

MOLASSES—Very little doing, prices are steady; sales of 100 Cuba Muscovado at 27½c.

OILS—Dullness is the predominant feature of this market, and business doing is so trivial that it becomes unnecessary to vary prices. At New Bedford sales of 700 inferior to good Whale have been made at 48c. cash, as to quality. Camphene is selling at 47c and Fluid at 44c., cash.

RICE—The demand is moderate; sales of 160 tcs. at 3@3¾c., as to qty.

SPICES—We of further sales of 1,000 mats Cassia at 25c. Other kinds are quiet.

SUGARS—The demand is less active, and prices are unchanged; of 250 hhds. Porto Rico at 6¾@7¼c. and 700 hhds. at 6 @6¾c. Refined are unchanged.

SEEDS—Cask Linseed is rather quiet, but prices are sustained; sales of 1,000 bags in Boston at $1 80 ₱ bush., cash.

TOBACCO—There is more doing and prices are steady; sales of 114 Kentucky at 8½@14c.; 594 cases Seedleaf at 6¾; 4.8 bales Havana at 32@60c., and 55 bales Yara at private terms.

TALLOW—The market is heavy, the demand moderate; sales of lb. Prime at 9½c. and 5,000 lb. in Soft steam-rend at 9c. Rough Fat is saleable at 7c., cash.

TIN—The Block dull and prices are merely nominal, although efforts are being made to inflate rates; the cottage, however, will settle the difference and fix prices; Plates are in moderate request and Irule low; further sales of some 2,000 boxes have been made at $9 50@$9 56, 6 mos.

TEAS are very quiet; prices are unchanged. Oolongs are moderately; 2,000 half chests are reported sold at prices.

WHISKEY—The demand is limited, and the market is steady; sales bbls. at 22½@23c.

WHALEBONE—Moderate request, and prices are well supported sales of 7,000 lb. short and long Ochotsk on the at $1 12½@$1 25; further sales have been effected the East, but we did not learn the full particulars.

WOOL—The is very dull, and quotations necessarily nominal reports are of a varied nature from the growing districts. Prices in a general way may be quoted 20@42c, and it is quite probable that the rail be maintained, although the extra rates demanded by growers are not likely to be realized.

Come Back to my Heart, Love.

Words by CHARLES JEFFREYS. Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.

In moderate time.

p *f* *sf* *pp*

Come back to my heart, love, for I am in sor-row, The world is so dark there's no sun-shine for me; And

ff

why should I think that the dawn of the morrow, While Dermot's a-way a - ny brighter can be: A - ny brighter it ne - ver can

be. He call'd me his star, but I borrow'd my brightness, When he went a - way, all the light left my eye—Then

joy fled my heart, and my feet lost their lightness; Come back to me Dermot, Come back or I'll die, Come back or I sure - ly shall

a piacere.

die. A - vourneen return, O Dermot come home, O Dermot, come back or I'll die.

I'm wearing away, love, there is but a shadow,
A shadow of her whom you once lov'd to praise:
I'm like the lank form that stretch'd over the meadows,
When we stood in the sunshine of happier days:

In the sunshine of happier days,
But only return and I'll cease my repining,
Just look at the flower now drooping alone:
When you are the sun in whose beams I am shining,

There won't be a trace, love, of tears that are gone,
No trace of the tears that are gone
Avourneen return, O Dermot come home,
O Dermot come back or I'll die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

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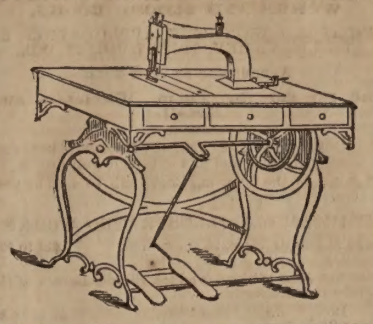

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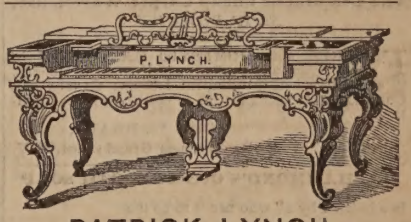

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